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DEC. 11, 1957
TWO SHILLINGS



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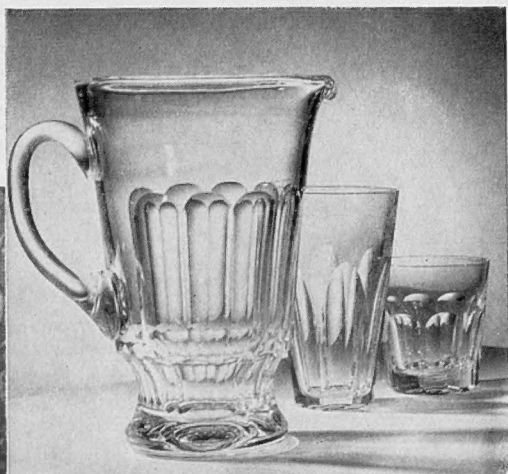
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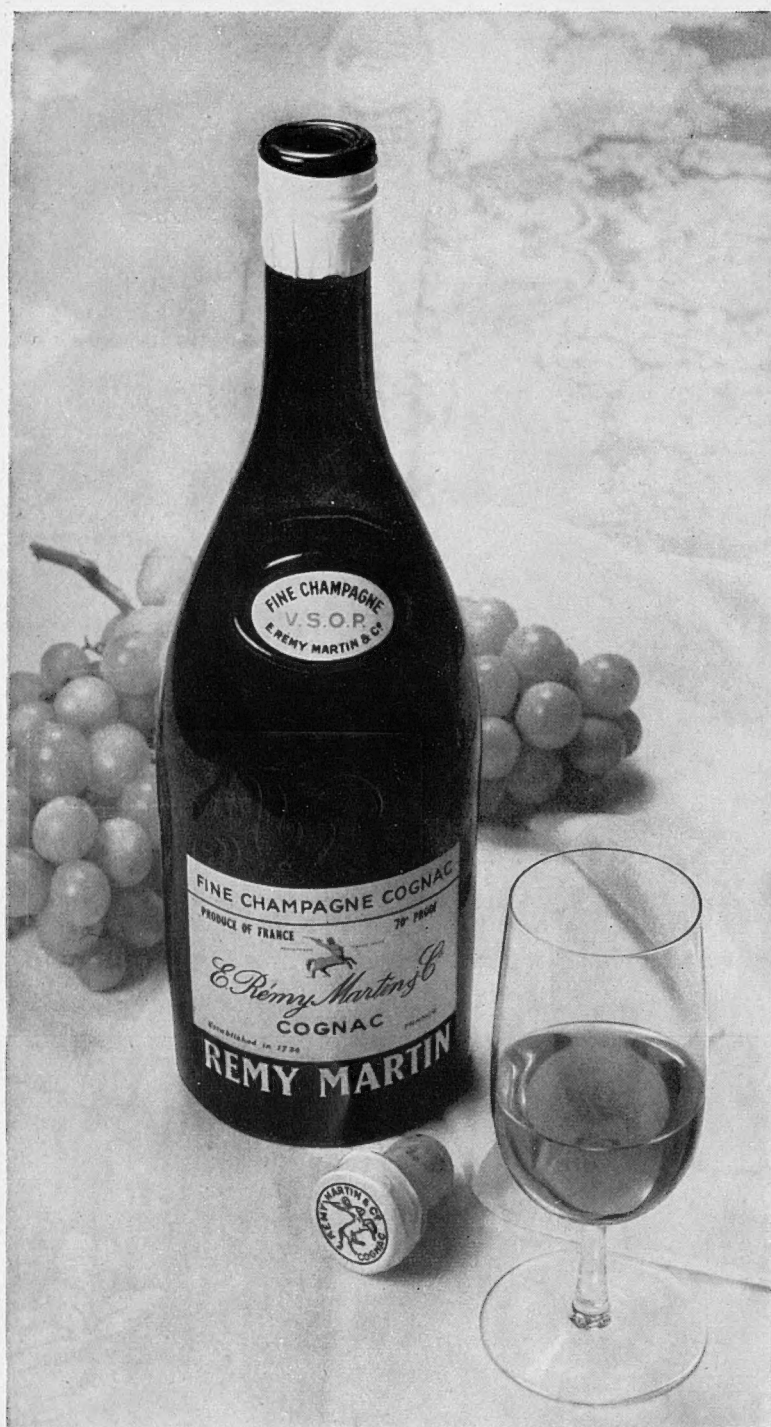
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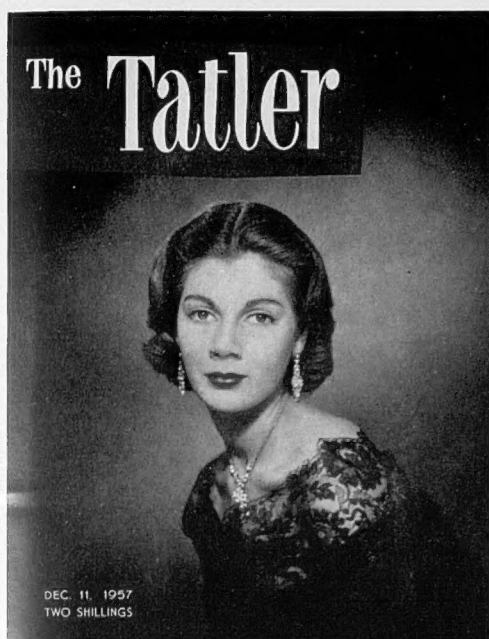
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DIARY OF THE WEEK

From December 11 to December 18

DEC. 11, 1957
TWO SHILLINGS

BARONESS THYSSEN-BORNEMISZA is the elder daughter of Rear-Admiral Keith McNeil Campbell-Walter, who was appointed Flag Officer Germany in 1955, and Mrs. Campbell-Walter; she has two brothers and a sister. As Miss Fiona Campbell-Walter she was noted for her beauty and elegance as a top-ranking fashion model. In September last year she married Baron Heinrich-Hans Thyssen-Bornemisza, of Casa Ametta, Ascona, Switzerland. Colour photograph by Bassano

Dec. 11 (Wed.) Prince Philip will attend the Livery Dinner of the Fishmongers' Company.

First night: *Be My Guest* at the Winter Garden Theatre.

Steeplechasing at Sandown Park.

Dec. 12 (Thu.) Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother will dine with the Benchers of the Middle Temple.

First night: *The Rape Of The Belt* at the Piccadilly Theatre.

The Liberal Ball at the May Fair Hotel.

Steeplechasing at Sandown Park.

Dec. 13 (Fri.) Prince Philip will attend a luncheon to mark the 21st anniversary of the Prunier Trophy Competition, at Prunier's.

First night: *The Happy Man* at the Westminster Theatre.

Handel's *Messiah*, London Philharmonic Orchestra and choir at the Royal Festival Hall (and 16th).

Victoria League Ball given by the Warwickshire County Branch at Coughton Court, Alcester.

Cresta Ball at the Savoy.

Monmouthshire Hunt Club Ball at Pant-y-Goitre.

Steeplechasing at Hurst Park.

Dec. 14 (Sat.) Rugby Football: Harlequins v. Combined Services at Twickenham.

Carol Concert: the Bach Choir at the Royal Albert Hall.

Steeplechasing at Hurst Park, Warwick and Newcastle.

Dec. 15 (Sun.)

Dec. 16 (Mon.) Dance: Mrs. Michael Trubshaw will give a small dinner-dance for her daughter, Miss Victoria Trubshaw, in London.

Downside, Ascot and Ampleforth dance at the Dorchester.

Steeplechasing at Birmingham.

Dec. 17 (Tue.) Prince Philip will preside at the 25th anniversary dinner of the British Empire and Commonwealth Games Federation at Grosvenor House.

Sale of works of art in aid of the Queen Elizabeth's Training College for the Disabled at Christie's at 9 p.m. (preview on 13th, 16th and 17th from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.).

Capri Ball at the Savoy in aid of the British Sailors' Society.

Ball in aid of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution at the Royal College of Art.

Steeplechasing at Birmingham.

Dec. 18 (Wed.) Bertram Mills Circus (to February 1, 1958) at Olympia.

Carol Concert: Royal Choral Society at the Royal Albert Hall (and 20th and 21st).

Steeplechasing at Southwell.

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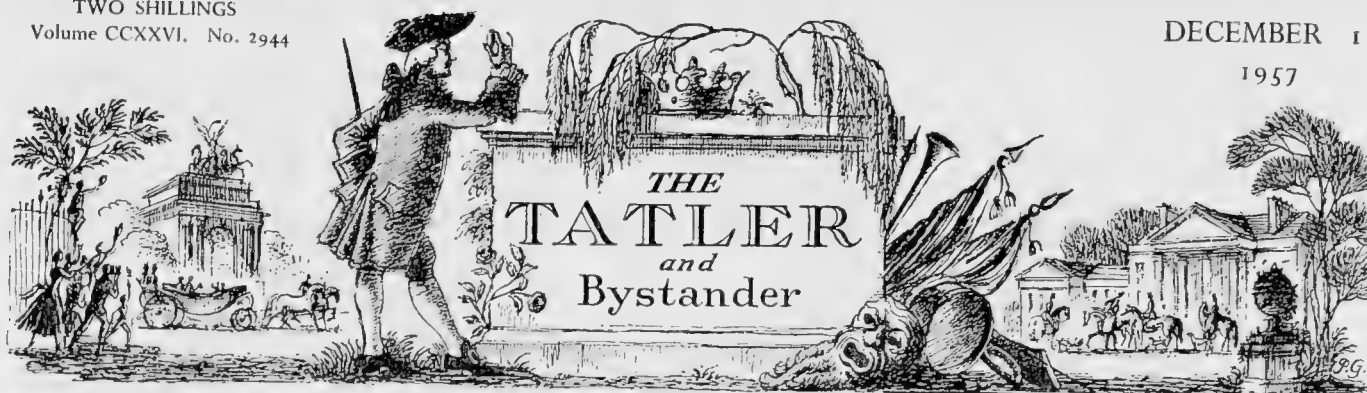
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Lenore

Portrait of an ambassador's wife

MME. SCHREIBER is the beautiful wife of Dr. Don Ricardo Rivera Schreiber, K.B.E., Peruvian Ambassador to the Court of St. James's since 1954. She is seen here in the dress she wore at the Royal

Diplomatic Party at Buckingham Palace this year. Her husband held posts in London from 1920 to 1926 and was previously Ambassador here from 1949 to 1952. The Schreibers have two sons



THE LONDON RED CROSS BALL

H.R.H. PRINCESS ALEXANDRA was the Guest of Honour at the Red Cross Ball held in aid of the British Red Cross Society, County of London Branch, at the Dorchester. Above: Mrs. Alexander Gilmour with the Hon. Mrs. Hugh Lawson-Johnston, chairman of the ball



Mr. Richard Strachan buying a programme from Miss Ann Holbech



The Hon. Annabel Hennessy and Capt. William Thomson at one of the side-shows



The Hon. Patrick Penny and Miss Joanna Gilliat



Lady Keyes in company with Major R. Edmeades



Miss Jennifer Thompson, Mr. Julian Wells and Miss Elizabeth Gage



Lady Kilmarnock, Lord Kilmarnock, Lady Edith Foxwell and Mr. W. Phelps



The Hon. C. Lawson-Johnston and Mr. J. Bristow



Mr. Ian Dipple and Miss Joanna Vanderfelt



H.R.H. Princess Alexandra being shown round the tombola by Mrs. O. F. Prentice



Lord Amulree receiving his tombola tickets from Mrs. T. M. Glyn Hughes



Miss Joanna Poett, the Rev. S. Ridley and Miss Pauline Angus

Desmond O'Neil

LADY BARBARA AND HER SONS

LADY BARBARA BOSSOM, wife of Major Clive Bossom, Conservative candidate for North Herefordshire, is seen with her two sons, Andrew, aged three and a half, and Bruce, aged five. Lady Barbara is the sister of the Earl of Guilford, and her husband is the son of Sir Alfred Bossom



Russell Sedgwick

Social Journal

Jennifer

"AT HOME" IN A CITY HALL

H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, looking very elegant in a black velvet evening dress with a two-row diamond necklace and diamond ear-rings, attended a musical At Home at the Fishmongers' Hall. This was organized to raise funds for the Distressed Gentlefolks' Aid Association. A recital took place in the fine banqueting hall, given by the brilliant pianist Mme. Gina Bachauer, whose playing is always a joy to listen to. She chose the Toccata, Aria and Fugue in C Major by Bach—Busoni, three sonatas by Scarlatti, and Variations on a Theme by Paganini, by Brahms. After the interval she played "Pictures at an Exhibition" by Moussorgsky.

Among those enjoying this musical evening in these beautiful surroundings were Helen Duchess of Northumberland who is President of the Distressed Gentlefolks' Aid Association, the Earl of Buckinghamshire, the German Ambassador Herr von Herwarth, the Countess of Munster, Earl and Countess Attlee, Lady Heald and her pretty daughter, Elizabeth, who was selling programmes, Mr. and Mrs. Basil Lindsay-Fynn—she was the only one present wearing a tiara—Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft wearing a pink silk stole with her black evening dress, Doreen Lady Brabourne, Lady Crosfield, Miss Roddy Warren Pearl, Lady Douglas-Pennant, Mrs. Arthur Magnay, Lady Coryton, Major and Mrs. Frankland-Moore, Mrs. Rennie-O'Mahony, Judge Sir Gerald and Lady Hargreaves, Mr. and Mrs. von Neurath, and Miss Rosie Newman. During the interval guests were able to stroll about and admire some of the other rooms of this wonderful City hall.

Earlier I had been to a delightful small and very informal party at the Empress Club. Here I met Lord Luke, chairman of the National Playing Fields Association, with Lady Luke and several others connected with this great cause. They included Lt.-Col. Murray-Lawes, chairman of the Appeals Committee, Sir John Child and Vice-Admiral H. G. Norman. Film producer Mr. Ivan Foxwell arrived with his attractive wife Lady Edith Foxwell, who was chairman of the première of his latest film *Manuela*, which was given in aid of the Association. At this little gathering, with no fuss or speeches, she quietly handed over the proceeds of the première in the shape of a cheque for £4,000 to the chairman, Lord Luke.

★ ★ ★

I MET Lord and Lady Luke again much later in the evening when, from the Fishmongers' Hall, I went on to the Dorchester where H.R.H. Princess Alexandra was among the many young people enjoying the Red Cross Ball. Lord Luke was President of the Ball, and his sister-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. Hugh Lawson-Johnston, who looked very attractive in emerald green, was the chairman.

Among other personalities of the B.R.C. present were Lord Amulree, president of the London Branch, Dame Anne Bryan, who rose to the occasion so well with her brilliant organizing ability at the time of the Hungarian Revolution last year, also her husband Cdr. Jack Bryan, a very fine helmsman, Air/Cdre. Hewat, medical adviser to the B.R.C., and his charming wife, Capt. Cowley Thomas, Mrs. Prentice, Miss



Van Hallan

Princess Margaret at a performance of "Flowering Cherry" in aid of the Family Welfare Association

Mrs. B. Grosvenor, Mr. H. Whitbread and the Countess of Ronaldshay

Princess Margaret arriving at the Haymarket Theatre. Left, Mrs. Gerard Leigh

Lady Melchett and Viscountess Bearsted. Behind, Lord Melchett and Viscount Bearsted

Barbara Coke, and the indefatigable Miss Goodbody who had to use much persuasion to get the guests sitting on the floor for the cabaret, to leave enough room for the performers. They were those brilliant artists Adele Leigh, who looked enchanting in a slinky red dress and sang beautifully, and Harry Secombe, who was extremely funny.

Mrs. Lawson-Johnston must have been delighted at the success of the evening, as the room was packed, and the tombola and sideshows did a roaring trade. Lady Killearn, Lord and Lady Kilmarnock, Lord and Lady Keyes, Sir Nigel and Lady Colman and Lady Audley were present. Among the younger guests I noticed dancing were Mr. and Mrs. Ray Salter who were married last summer (they won a trip for two in a liner with their lucky programme), also Miss Elizabeth Thompson who was chairman of the junior ball committee, Miss Ann Holbech, Miss Emily Abel Smith who also won a prize, the Earl of Erne, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Gilmour, Miss Virginia Holcroft and the Hon. Shaun Plunket.

★ ★ ★

H.E. the Turkish Ambassador, Monsieur Nuri Birgi, opened a most interesting exhibition of modern Turkish painting, which will be on view at the Matthiesen Gallery in New Bond Street until December 21. One of the biggest pictures there is a striking and brilliant work called "Mon Enfer," by Fahr-el-Nissa Zeid, who we here all know better as H.R.H. Princess Zeid al-Hussein, wife of the Iraqi Ambassador. She has already exhibited here and in Paris and New York. Among those I met at this exhibition, the first Turkish one ever to be held in London and well worth a visit, were the Duchess of Argyll, Lady Illingworth talking to Mr. Derek Patmore who had organized this exhibition at the Edinburgh Festival three months ago, Princess Zeid and her daughter Mme. Shirin, and M. and Mme. Varine of the French Embassy.

★ ★ ★

ANOTHER very good function was the Maple Leaf Ball run by the Canadian Women's Club in aid of the Welfare Fund for Canadian Veterans in the United Kingdom, and other club work. This was held at the Dorchester and was attended by over six hundred guests. It was the first time I had been to this annual event and I thoroughly

enjoyed my evening. Countess Alexander of Tunis and her husband Field-Marshal Earl Alexander, our former Governor-General in Canada, received the guests with Mr. George Drew, the Canadian High Commissioner, and Mrs. Drew, Mrs. R. A. McMullen, chairman of the Canadian Women's Club, and Lady Baxter, chairman of the ball committee. Miniature trees with coloured gold foil maple leaves decorated each table, and a large maple leaf, spot-lit, glistened on three of the walls. All these had been made and arranged by Mrs. James Thom and her little committee. Besides dancing to a good band, guests could try their luck at the bottle tombola, watch a demonstration of Scottish country dancing, and listen to the lucky programme numbers which were drawn by Edana Romney at midnight.

Among those present were Mr. Sidney Pierce, the deputy High Commissioner, and Mrs. Pierce, who looked very attractive in white, Mr. James Armstrong, the Agent-General for Ontario, and Mrs. Armstrong, and Lord and Lady Tweedsmuir, just back from an Empire trip, who were in Mr. and Mrs. McMullen's party, as were Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Leslie Gamage; Lord Tweedsmuir, of course, knows Canada well, as his father the late Lord Tweedsmuir (John Buchan the famous author) was Governor-General from 1935 to 1940.

SIR BEVERLEY BAXTER was there, supporting his wife's splendid chairmanship, with their pretty daughter Meribah. Mrs. Rupert Cooke who organized and ran the tombola so well had a big party including her son Mr. Victor Leemieux, already one of our most promising and brilliant young barristers, and his charming wife who is a daughter of that great Canadian Sir Edward Peacock. Mr. R. B. Murray, a gay and amusing Canadian banker, and his charming wife, Miss Diana Wilgress whose father was at one time Canadian High Commissioner here and is now Canadian Ambassador to N.A.T.O. in Paris, and the clever young French pianist Jenny Ashworth, who was over from Paris for concerts with the London Philharmonic Orchestra, were also at the ball.

Others there included Mrs. Graham Spry, wife of the Agent-General for Saskatchewan who was away in Canada, Sir Charles and Lady Russell, Mr. Frederick Errol, M.P. for Altrincham and Sale, and his very attractive wife, Mrs. Jessica de Pass working hard at the tombola, Mr. and Mrs. George Mosley, the Hon. Philip Samuel, Mr. and



Desmond O'Neill

The Scottish Sale at Buckingham Gate for the Royal Caledonian Schools

Lady Dorothy Macmillan was here with Sir Edward Reid, Bt.

Lord and Lady Morton of Henryton had been buying presents

Cdr. the Mackinnon of Mackinnon with Mrs. Felix Johnstone



Lady Bridget Parsons with
Lady Mersey



Countess St. Aldwyn and the
Countess of Durham

The Hon. Mrs. Rodney Berry
and Mrs. Hugh Rose

Mr. Anthony Galliers-Pratt
and Mrs. Galliers-Pratt



A. V. Swaeb

Margaret, Countess of Birkenhead,

seen above with Viscount Gage, gave a private view to inaugurate an exhibition of her flower paintings, open at the Trafford Gallery until Christmas Eve. The forty-four paintings exhibited were all sold on the first day of the showing

Mrs. David Wilkinson, Mrs. Campbell Moodie, and three of Mr. and Mrs. Garfield Weston's attractive daughters, Gretchen, Wendy and Nancy, the latter looking especially pretty in a lovely shell pink organza dress lightly embroidered in pink pearls and sequins.

★ ★ ★

TO the great relief of parents and all those concerned, St. Andrew's Day at Eton was fine and even warm for the time of year. By 11 a.m. traffic was thick around the Burning Bush, and slow moving queues stretched right down the narrow High Street to the bridge over the River Thames. The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and the Duchess of Kent were among parents who arrived before noon to join their sons and take them out for the day. The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester now have both their sons at Eton, as the younger Prince Richard is a new boy in Mr. Chamier's house this half. Princess Alexandra accompanied her mother and Prince Michael of Kent.

The first parents I saw walking down the High Street with their sons were the Secretary of State for the Colonies, Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd, and Lady Patricia Lennox-Boyd, who have three sons at Eton, all in Mr. Snow's house. A little farther on Lord Irwin was strolling along accompanied by his only son the Hon. Charles Wood, and behind them came Mrs. Alexander Abel Smith and her son Sir Mark Palmer, who has recently been appointed one of the Queen's pages, and carried out his duties for the first time at the Opening of Parliament. Before lunch a very big crowd watched the annual traditional Wall Game of Collegers v. Oppidans which, as in many other years, ended in a draw with no score. The College side consisted of J. A. Park, A. A. Bates, H. M. Harrod, J. A. D. Wilkinson, J. R. M. Whittome, P. T. Ll. Davies, A. B. S. Whitehouse, R. M. Peterson, elder son of the headmaster of Shrewsbury, who formerly had a house at Eton, J. Radice and W. R. F. Mount. Playing for the Oppidans were J. Baskerville-Clegg, M. S. R. Heathcote, S. J. Lindsay, W. P. Colquhoun, J. W. Leonard, T. S. Bathurst, a veteran of the game, R. D. Higham, P. H. Smith, M. F. D. Morley and D. S. Wilks.

WATCHING this game (or, more often, talking to friends), I saw Viscount and Viscountess Erleigh, the latter in a brilliant geranium red coat, and their son the Hon. Simon Rufus Isaacs, Mrs. Anthony Nutting and her Etonian sons John and David and her young daughter Zara, Lt.-Col. and the Hon. Mrs. Casey and their son Michael, Col. and the Hon. Mrs. Davies and their elder son Hugh, and Brig. Sir Ralph and Lady Rayner (who have a boy in Mr. Brown's house). The latter I saw driving past College with their open Daimler full of young people. Others there included Major and Mrs. Penn Curzon-Howe-Herrick and their son, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Curling and their son, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Benton-Jones and their son and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Eskdale Fishburn and their very tall eldest son, and Mr. and Mrs. Desmond Baring accompanied by their daughter Margaret and their two sons Peter and Nigel. Peter, I noticed, is a member of Pop and

was wearing a magnificent brocade waistcoat! I also saw Cdr. and the Hon. Mrs. Edmonstone with Antonia and William, Lt.-General and Mrs. Brocas Burrows and their two sons, Lady Petre watching the Wall Game with her fifteen-year-old son, the Hon. John Petre, Lady (Eric) Bowater just back from Canada accompanied by Sarah and Nicholas, the Duke of Bedford, whose stepson Sir Gavin Lyle is in his third year here, Mr. and Mrs. Geddes and their Etonian son, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Gordon Maxwell and their son, and Mr. John Rodgers, the M.P. for Sevenoaks who came to spend the day with his two sons. One unfortunately was laid up with a pulled ligament, the result of playing the Field Game earlier in the week.

Among several youthful Old Etonians I met Mr. Peter Stoddart accompanied by his pretty wife, Mr. Martin Kenyon, and Mr. Jamie Illingworth escorting his sister Mary.

★ ★ ★

AN enchanting exhibition of flower paintings by Margaret, Countess of Birkenhead is on view at the Trafford Gallery in Mount Street, until December 24. Not only are there many exquisite paintings, but without exception they are all beautifully framed. There were heavenly salmon pink polyanthus, superb pink cyclamen, Magnolia Grandiflora, (her white on white is most beautifully done), clematis and passion flowers, but I think my favourites were a small pair in oval frames, called "Spring Bunch" and "Summer Bunch," which were both of the finest work and perfect in every intricate detail. It was not surprising that within an hour of the exhibition's opening the little red "sold" label was being stuck on more than half the paintings. No doubt some of these were for Christmas presents, and I cannot think of anything nicer on Christmas Day than to unpack one of these lovely flower pictures. I met the artist, who has only taken up this specialized art in recent years and was receiving continuous congratulations, and the Countess of Durham talking to Countess St. Aldwyn. The Earl and Countess of Birkenhead were there to see his mother's work exhibited, also his sister Lady Pamela Berry and her husband.

Mr. Somerset Maugham spent some time admiring the paintings, as did Viscount Margesson, Viscount and Viscountess Gage, Mr. John Betjeman, the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, the Countess of Sefton, the Hon. Mrs. Langton Iliffe, Lady Marriott, Lady Sherwood, Viscountess Monckton and the Countess of Jellicoe, who drove away together in the latter's very chic little "bubble car," which is painted green and reminds one of a luscious green pea!

★ ★ ★

MR. CHRISTOPHER MACKINTOSH, this year's president, presided at the Downhill Only dinner-dance at the Savoy. The guest of honour was Mr. I. J. Pitman, the Member of Parliament for Bath, who, he told me, first ski-ed nearly fifty years ago. As a young man he won the Oxford and Cambridge Race, but a more recent success, and possibly even more creditable, is that last year at Davos he won the

race for British M.P.s versus members of the Swiss Parliament. Mrs. Pitman was at the dinner-dance and told me they plan to go out to Davos again in a family party during the recess.

I met Mrs. Mackintosh, Mrs. Paul Hepworth, the vice-chairman of the D.H.O., who will be out in Wengen before Christmas, also the grand old man of ski-ing Sir Arnold Lunn who is soon off to Murren, and real Wengen enthusiasts such as Sir Adrian Jarvis, the Hon. Max Aitken, one of the vice-presidents, Mr. and Mrs. Dick Fremantle, Mr. Hans Barnard Hankey, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Foster and Mr. and Mrs. Curly Rogers, who both had big family parties at their tables, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Walduck, Mr. Eric Lewns, and Mr. and Mrs. Ruairaidh Hilleary.

Many plans for the forthcoming ski-ing season were discussed during the evening and it was nice to see Mr. and Mrs. Fritz Borter, who give everyone such a big welcome at the Palace Hotel, Wengen, among the guests at the dance.

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THE Argentine Ambassador and Mme. Candiotti received the guests with Viscount Davidson at a reception given by the Anglo-Argentine Society at Canning House in honour of Dr. Alberto Mercier, the Argentine Minister of Agriculture who was over with a delegation, and Madame Mercier. I could only look in for a short while, and among those present saw Earl De La Warr, Brigadier Derek Schreiber, Sir James and Lady Duncan, the Rt.-Hon. Sir William and Lady Mabane, Lt.-Col. Patrick Smyly, who has just returned from a business trip in the Argentine and other South American countries, Sir James Turner, Mrs. Walker-Leigh, and Earl St. Aldwyn, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Agriculture, just back from Rome where he has been attending a high level agricultural conference.

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I KEEP on meeting friends who have tried in vain to get seats next summer for *My Fair Lady*, the much heralded new musical at Drury Lane, in the first weeks or even months of its run. Now I hear of a splendid opportunity for them. The Drury Lane management has very kindly arranged that eleven performances during the first six weeks of the run shall be given as special performances for various charities. Three of these include the pre-view on April 29 for which Lady Marks and Mrs. Prince Littler are joint-presidents. This is being given in aid of five charities—the Denville Home for aged actors and actresses, the Theatrical Ladies' Guild, the Actors' Benevolent Fund, The Royal General Theatrical Fund, and the Jerusalem Baby Home. Tickets may be obtained from Mrs. Toby Rowland, 41 Chesham Street, S.W.1.

Lady Dalrymple-Champneys is chairman of the gala performance of *My Fair Lady* on May 14 organized in aid of the Bi-Centenary of the Royal Alexandra and Albert School; this is sure to be a very social and glittering evening, as all this chairman's functions are. Tickets for the performance from Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, 59 Stanhope Gardens, Kensington, S.W.7.

Countess Cadogan is chairman of another gala performance to take place at Drury Lane on May 22. This is being given to help the funds of the Royal College of Nursing, of which the Queen is Patron. The Royal College of Nursing provides expert tuition in all branches of nursing, teaching and administration, and has been largely instrumental in raising the standard and status of nursing. It also helps members who by reason of adversity, ill health or age are in need of assistance. Britain needs nurses more than ever before, and it is up to all of us to help this College.

Although tickets for all these performances will cost more than for an ordinary performance, you will have the advantage of a much gayer looking theatre, with most of the audience in evening dress, and all should be really brilliant occasions. Mr. Billy Wallace is deputy-chairman of the last named performance on May 22, and Lady Heald vice-chairman, with Earl Granville as the honorary treasurer. Mrs. Jocelyn Stevens, one of the loveliest of our young marrieds, is chairman of the programme committee, and is sure to get together a bevy of beauty to sell programmes. Tickets for this gala performance may be obtained from Countess Cadogan, the Royal College of Nursing, Henrietta Place, Cavendish Square, W.1.

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MANY old boys and girls will get together again for the evening at the Downside, Ascot and Ampleforth Dance, which takes place at the Dorchester on December 16. Tickets for the dance from the honorary secretary, Miss Dorothy Eyre, 7 Princes Gate Court, London, S.W.7.

Countess Cadogan is chairman of the Young People's Ball to be held at Londonderry House on January 7. This is an annual and always very enjoyable event for teenagers, organized to raise funds for the League of Pity, the Junior Branch of the N.S.P.C.C. It is from 9 p.m. to 12.30 a.m., and tickets can be obtained from Countess Cadogan, N.S.P.C.C., Victory House, Leicester Square, W.C.2.



A MUSICAL EVENING

H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent was present at a musical "At Home" given in Fishmongers' Hall. She is seen (above) receiving a bouquet from Miss Elizabeth Heald. Standing behind are Helen, Duchess of Northumberland (left), Lady Heald and the Countess of Munster

Miss Deirdre Robey arriving for the "At Home" with Mrs. Robey, Mr. Gordon Robey and Mr. David Lock



Mrs. Bertrand Sutherland in company with Lady Hargreaves and Judge Sir Gerald Hargreaves

Van Hallan



Lady Mancroft (left), chairman of the ball, the Marquess of Milford Haven and Mrs. Isaac Wolfson



Viscountess Stormont and Lord Carnegie were at a table with Lady Leslie

BALL AIDS BOYS' CLUB

A MOST successful dinner and ball was held recently at the Savoy in aid of the West Ham Boys' and Amateur Boxing Club. Many witty and well-turned speeches were made



Lt.-Gen. Sir Frederick Browning was with Lt.-Gen. Sir Brian Horrocks



Col. John Courage, Lt.-Col. R. H. Russell, club chairman, and Mrs. Courage



Mr. Henry Tiarks was seated at a table after dinner chatting to Mrs. Peter Whitwell



Lord Mancroft, Mrs. C. Mills, Mrs. Gilbey, Mr. Arthur Gilbey and Mr. Cyril Mills



Mr. Alistair Horne, Sir Mark Norman, Bt., Lady Norman, Mr. J. Etherton, Mrs. Etherton, Mrs. Horne

A. V. Swache



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*Mr. Sam Whitbread, Miss Sarah Merton, Mr. William
Gee and Miss Caroline Beckford*

Van Hallan

A BALL AT CAMBRIDGE

THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY UNITED HUNTS CLUB held their annual Ball at the Pitt Club recently. It was preceded by a meet of both the Trinity Foot Beagles and the Cambridge University Drag

*Miss Valerie Engelmann and Mr. Bill Henson dancing,
with a hunting silhouette in the background*



*Mr. Charles Rogers-Coltman and Miss Carol Schwind
in the candlelit buffet*



*Miss Carolyn Coleman and Mr.
Julian Watson*



*Miss Alison Chalmers Parry
and Lord Masham*



*Miss Gunilla Brunnstron, Mr. Simon Grant and Mr.
Duncan Rawson-Mackenzie*



*Miss Yolande Murray and Mr.
Paddy Hartigan*



*The Hon. Ian Bennet and Miss
Biddy Lyle-Purdy*

*Across from Gibraltar lies a
sunburned country whose name
echoes with high romance*

MOROCCO

THE Morocco of today is a land of Western influences in a two thousand year old setting. Many of the men have abandoned the traditional robe or *jellaba* for European clothes, and the women are slowly beginning to drop the veil. American cars, soft drinks and mink are three commercial commodities that show all too well to a Western traveller the trend of the future. And yet those who search for the truly Oriental will find it easily in this land so recently independent, and so ready today to welcome all travellers to its Elysian shores.

Geographically and climatically Morocco is perfect, a fact which has been appreciated by men from prehistoric times onward.

Morocco has always fascinated me, and a year ago I flew to Tangier intending to travel down to Marrakech in the south. At the time the Sultan, Sidi Mohammed V, had just been restored to his throne by the French and Spanish Protectorates, and the whole of Morocco was rejoicing. My friends in Tangier persuaded me to stay and celebrate with them, and I never continued my journey. This year I went back to what I consider is my spiritual home—where the British tourist, moreover, is welcome.

CASABLANCA was my central point. It is a huge, white, sprawling city of skyscrapers, chic French shops, and multicoloured American cars. It is a port, and the industrial capital of the country. Casablanca, reminiscent of international intrigue, is a facile city. And yet for all that, it has a special charm and tempo all its own. For instance I had the best of both worlds. The lavish comfort of the El Mansour Hotel to welcome me after exhausting but worthwhile days trekking round the medina (native market), and journeying to nearby towns. In complete contrast were the evenings, sometimes spent eating *couss-couss*, sitting on low divans in a local Moroccan restaurant, watching exotic dancers, or dancing myself in a modern Western atmosphere at the Black and White night club.

Apart from the obvious attractions, such as the kasbahs, French shops, golf, tennis and shooting, Casablanca has more than its share of swimming pools, built along the coast. It even boasts the largest in the world. Near to the pools are numerous bistros for lunch in the sun: my favourite was La Mer, built precariously on the rocks, with the bright blue Atlantic swirling almost underneath the table. In this rapidly spreading city of constant change, East and West mingle side by side, and I was never conscious of making an effort to pass from one to the other.

RABAT must be visited. It is only an hour away from Casablanca and I travelled quite frequently on the local bus, for 400 francs. Because the Sultan has his formal Imperial Palace there, it is now the first imperial city, in place of Fez, the original one. At first sight it seems entirely covered with trees and flowers. Both private and public gardens are well looked after, and the prettiest public "green-spot" is the Udayia, where you can sit in the soft sunlight enjoying delicious local pastries at the Moroccan café. But most of all I remember Rabat for the lazy afternoons I spent drinking mint tea in the lovely gardens of the palace of some Moroccan friends, in the Quartier des Oranges, and for the spectacle of the Sultan riding to prayer on Friday mornings.

Dressed completely in white, and mounted on a white stallion, he rides regally from the Imperial Palace, across the *mechouar*, a



Over the sand dunes come the outriders of a caravan leaving Goulimine, in the far south of Morocco

Rabat, the capital, with the magnificent Imperial Palace which has a huge open space in front of it





East or West, street scenes have an unending fascination as is vividly shown by this corner of the Souk of Rabat (left), illuminated for a feast night. Below, Moorish architecture at its best in Marrakech, "place of a thousand pleasures." This is the Koutoubia with its finely fretted decorations and ornaments

deserted space in front of the palace, to the mosque. He is followed by his personal guard of honour, magnificent pitch-black soldiers. In their bright scarlet uniforms, trimmed with green fringed and white leather trappings, ebony faces glinting in the moonlight, these splendid Moors add vivid colour to royal pomp.

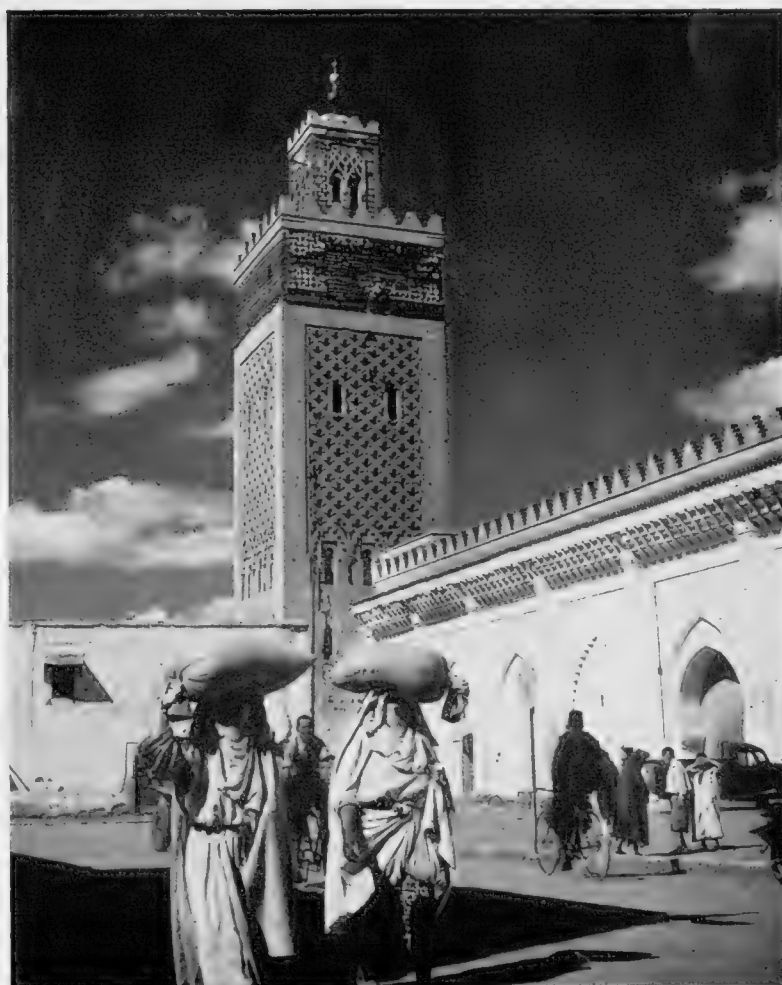
Marrakech was my last stop. This "pearl of the south" is the most romantic and African city in Morocco. Its red walls rise in the middle of the Haouz plain, at the very feet of the Great Atlas mountains. Shadowed by snow-capped peaks, and surrounded by gardens of limes, oranges, pomegranates and olives it gives one the impression of the Promised Land. Within the walls of the city is the clamour of the multitude. Tribesmen from the desert and mountain villages come to buy clothes, food and jewellery: beggars and caids, merchants and medicine men, story tellers, and dancing girls . . . strange clothes, weird tongues and all the excitements of an Arabian Nights tale. No wonder it is known as "the place of a thousand pleasures!"

IN the Jama El Fna square crowds gather to gossip and shop in the souks. These souks are the largest in Morocco and a guide is necessary. Each street is called after the tradesmen who occupy it—street of the shoemaker, apothecary, carpet-maker, bread-baker. The method of work has not changed in hundreds of years, and spellbound I watched dignified, bearded Arabs, tooling leather, dyeing wool, hammering copper and carving furniture as their fathers and forefathers did.

The overlying emphasis of everything Moroccan does not restrict those who wish for more Westernized living. From December until May there is ski-ing in the mountains; hunting, riding, tennis, golf, all the year, and even gambling in the new casino which offers all the facilities of Monte Carlo.

You can fly by B.E.A. from London to Casablanca for approximately £62 return, and good hotels are from £2 to £3 a day in the three chief cities. The journey from Casablanca to Marrakech costs £5 by motor coach, and a little more by plane.

—Barbara Taylor



IN THE SAVAGE CLUBROOM

THIS painting by David Ghilchik, "Conversation Piece, Savage Club 1957," is now being shown at the R.P. exhibition in Piccadilly. A commemoration of the club's centenary year, it will be presented as a gift to the Savage. Those members present are (left to right) Edward Shipton, Leslie Sarony, Sir John Dalton, the doorman, Norman Claridge, Maurice Elvey, Charles Rolfe, Gordon West, Billy Leonard, the late Mark Daly, George Baker, Miles Malleeson, Percy Bradshaw, Bertie Meyer, Moiseiwitsch and Sir Louis Sterling. The artist is at present working on a companion picture of more club members



Roundabout

Cyril Ray

WHEN SNEEZING BECOMES A PLEASURE

NUFFIELD College, that recent but already very distinguished Oxford foundation, has just been presented with a handsome silver snuff-box, which will no doubt be put to ceremonial uses after dinner.

But will it, I wonder, be used anything but ceremonially? One would have thought that there might well have been a revival of snuff-taking these days, for all sorts of reasons (with Regency stripes on the wall, why not Regency sneezes in the hall?)—and perhaps there has been, but I can't say that I have noticed it. The two clubs that I know best both have great, communal snuff-boxes, highly ornamented, and strategically placed so that they may be dipped into after luncheon and after dinner; but I never seem to see much dipping.

As for the small, waistcoat-pocket box, itself a work of art, to be flourished and proffered, with which eighteenth-century beaux made as elaborate a ritual as the belles of the period did with their fans—it is rare, indeed, that we see them anywhere but in an antique-dealer's window.

I have read of a contemporary of Beau Brummell's—I think it was Lord Petersham—who had a different snuff-box for every

day of the year, and who claimed once to have caught a cold because his manservant had put out for him, that cold and wintry morning, a snuff-box suitable only for a summer's day.

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It is not until next September that Lord Montgomery retires from his N.A.T.O. job, and it is incorrect to say, as I see some commentators have been saying, that he will also retire from the British Army, in which he will then have had fifty years' service. Lord Montgomery is a field-marshal, and field-marshals remain on the active list for life.

Does Lord Montgomery ever wear with his uniform, nowadays, the black beret of the Royal Tank Regiment, as he did in North Africa, Italy and Western Europe, even after he reached his present rank?

The first Montgomery hat-trick, so to speak, was when he arrived in Egypt in 1942, to take over the Eighth Army. It was August, and against the desert sun of high summer he soon adopted the broad-brimmed hat of the Australians under his



Lady Hooper talking to Mr. Cecil Tennent



Mrs. Cecil Tennent and Sir Archibald McIndoe



Mrs. Neville Blond and Sir Frederick Hooper

Van Hallan

Supper party after the first night of "Requiem For A Nun" at the Royal Court Theatre

command, decorating it with the badges of all the units he visited, and then confronting the rather startled newspaper correspondents—they weren't yet used to Monty—with, "What d'you think of my hat?"

But as the sun became less fierce, or as Montgomery got used to it, and as he began to visit his front-line troops by tank, he took to the tank men's black beret, putting up his general's cap-badge alongside that of the regiment, although he had never served in it—his own regimental soldiering was with the Royal Warwickshires—and whenever he wore the beret after that (it always looked a bit floppy over that sharp, bony face), it was always with the two badges up, of his rank and of the Royal Tank Regiment.

I have heard some of the starchier old soldiers being irritably critical of Monty and his hats, but there are distinguished and exact precedents to justify an eminent soldier's being idiosyncratic about his headgear. Was it not Picton who wore a top-hat in which to command a division—and to be killed—at Waterloo? And Colin Campbell, a Highlander who had never served in a Highland regiment, but who found himself leading a Highland brigade across the Alma against what an eye-witness described as the steadiness and valour of the Russian infantry, swapped his general's cocked hat for one of the tall, plumed feather bonnets as they reached their objective, crying, "Let's ha'e none but Hielan' bonnets here!"—and wore it for the rest of the Crimean campaign.

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THE kitchen, I know, is the proper place for cookery books, but I have been discovering lately what good bedside reading is provided by Escoffier's classic *Guide To Modern Cookery*.

Whether the late, great Escoffier wrote it in English, or whether it was translated from his French, is not made clear in the splendid new edition that Heinemann's published this year, but there are

some delightful turns of phrase, and some of the rummiest words, which must obviously have been dug out of a much-thumbed dictionary by someone to whom English was a foreign tongue.

How else can you account for the advice to "suppress" the clavicle of your duck, or to serve "concassed" tomatoes with such-and-such a dish, or the notion that "to poële" is an English verb? ("Lard the fillet and poële it.")

Not that I would wish to make fun of the great and good man. All the glories of French cooking are enshrined in his masterpiece of a book and among them dishes that we have all tucked into in our time. And it is wrong of me to talk of it as a bedside book, for it ought to be in every English kitchen—if only for the fifty different ways of cooking potatoes. . . .

★ ★ ★

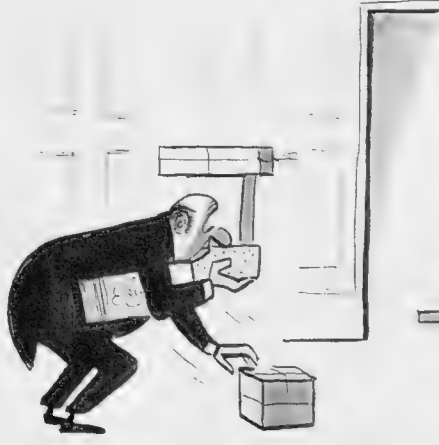
FROM my desk, I have a window-view of my untidy patch of London garden, where a neighbour's big cat, black and white, and with the most eloquent tail in Islington, watches the house with an expression that a trick of his colouring makes peculiarly baleful. Is he awaiting my own handsome Abyssinian and, if so, with what diabolical plot in mind?

And who will ever be able to answer the question that is always in my mind about cats and dogs and such? The question being this: that as animals do not use looking-glasses, does each know by instinct what he looks like, or does he naturally assume that he must look like the other cats—or dogs, or such-like—that he sees about?

In other words, does the neighbour's burly cat, sitting in my garden, assume that he looks like the small, neatly built, rather highly strung Abyssinian that will shortly emerge from the back door; and does my own little beast, taking his friend as his mirror-image, pride himself on some rather oddly distributed black-and-white markings, a malevolent expression, and the most eloquent tail in Islington?



BRIGGS



by Graham



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*Mr. Roger Raymond, Miss Susan Warren
Pearl and Mrs. Stewart Pearl*

THANKSGIVING DAY

THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR, Mr. John Hay Whitney, presided at the annual Thanksgiving Day Dinner given by the American Society in London at the Dorchester. Dancing took place after the traditional turkey and pumpkin pie



*H.E. the American Ambassador, Mrs. John Hay Whitney
and Mr. A. Talbot Peterson receiving guests*

*Mrs. E. M. Martin, Nancy Viscountess Astor, Mme.
G. B. Le Sourd and Admiral Tully Shelley, U.S.N.*



*Mr. George Woodward and Mrs. Woodward
were present at this distinguished gathering*

*Miss Mary Handley Page with Mrs. James and Gen.
F. B. James of the U.S. Air Force*



*Lady Wakefield, Sir William Wavell Wakefield, M.P.,
and Mrs. C. G. Lancaster*

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*The High Commissioner for Canada, the
Hon. George A. Drew, and Mrs. Drew*

MAPLE LEAF BALL

THE CANADIAN WOMEN'S CLUB held their annual Maple Leaf Ball at the Dorchester; the proceeds of this popular event go to the Welfare Fund for Canadian Veterans in the United Kingdom, and other Club work

Field Marshal Earl Alexander of Tunis, Countess Alexander of Tunis, President of the Ball Committee, and Lady Baxter

*Lord and Lady Tweedsmuir
were among the guests*

*Mrs. Joan Follett with Mr.
George Major*



*The Earl and Countess of St. Germans arriving
at the ball*

*Miss D. Pearson, Mrs. P. Maidens, Miss M.
Baxter, Miss J. Jackson and Miss J. Smithson*



*Sir Charles and Lady Russell
at the tombola*



*Lady Rose Crossman and Major
H. Crossman*





F. J. Goodman

MME. PAUL-EMILE SEIDMAN, wife of one of the most eminent medical authorities of France, is probably the only Englishwoman to hold a position of influence in the world of French haute couture, being an associate of Pierre Balmain

Priscilla in Paris

BOILED POTATOES AND HAMLET ON THE MENU

A VERY young grand-niece who is beginning to learn French writes me that: "We have lots of good laughs in the French class! French is really very peculiar!" British spectators, whom Robert Dhery and his *Branquignols* entertained by amusingly exploiting some of those peculiarities for two years at the Garrick Theatre, will, I imagine, agree.

Now, back on their native heath—in this case the boards of the théâtre de Paris—it is the peculiarities that M. Dhery has noted during his sojourn in England that he is gaily commenting on, in a series of witty sketches, tableaux and dances. To some of us whom the gods have not blessed with the gift of seeing ourselves as others see us, it may seem strange that any peculiarities could have been noted at all. Perhaps it takes a linguist to chuckle over the title of the new show? *Pommes A l'Anglaise* cannot be translated so as to convey its true meaning in any other words than "Boiled potatoes"! The other night the chuckling was as loud and hearty as the laughter that in London greeted the various activities of *La Plume De Ma Tante* and *Pommes A l'Anglaise* is likely to figure on the theatrical menu of Paris with the same success as do boiled potatoes on the daily bill of fare of every restaurant, great or small, in town.

Colette Brosset and *les girls* dance enchantingly, the décors are by Dignimont, Erté, Pellerin and Vertès; Robert Dhery is surrounded by the old gang for our greater joy, and Mr. Ross Parker is a most welcome newcomer from Great Britain. We were almost surprised not to find ourselves respectfully standing for the National Anthem at the end of the performance. Paul Gordeaux tells me that his great friend, Major Thompson (William Marmaduke, to the lovelies), delightedly remarked: "A jolly good evening, by Jove! They've pulled our legs a bit but I've enjoyed every moment of it!"

IN a very different but equally felicitous manner I also passed happy hours at Sir John Gielgud's readings from Shakespeare. The theme of the recital was inspired by three of the seven ages of man; youth, manhood and old age. The romance of Romeo, the fire of King Henry, the melancholy of Hamlet, the tragic agony of King Lear. . . . John Gielgud's magnificent voice, that is truly golden, and the sobriety of his gestures held the audience spellbound.

A gala house gathered at the Ambassadeurs. All the lions of the town were there. Ambassadors, ministers, academiciens, the greatest beauties and their polished escorts. Mme. Massigli was there, dressed to perfection as always, and Lady Jebb who, one felt, was the gracious hostess of the evening. The French stage was represented by Madeleine Renaud and Jean-Louis Barrault, and Germaine Cossini of the Grand Opera. The literary touch was given by Baroness Blixen who, under the name of Isak Dinesen, is the author of *Seven Gothic Tales*, Philippe Jullien the artist came with Lady Auriel Vaughan, and very thrilled were the Comtesse Hallez's pretty grand-daughters, Gillian and Suzy. Being at the happy age when one externalizes one's pleasure, they were voluble with delight.

It was Gillian who told me "all-about-it," what a splendid *soirée* it had been and how wrong it was of me not to have been there! She described the evening with such vivid enjoyment that I was rather shy of confessing that I really had heard John Gielgud also, and shared her enthusiasm, but that I had plumped for the evening at the theatre of the Cité Universitaire when all the students of France and Navarre and a good many other countries foregathered. We listened with rapt attention before crashing into the same applause and cheers that, next day, filled the more decorative Ambassadeurs.

PARIS is putting up with the fantastic "surprise-strikes" decreed by the malcontents. But it does not worry the Ville Lumière overmuch. We are inured to falling over the dustbins that have not been cleared away, of standing about in vain for the bus that never comes, of watching the gas splutter and die under the kitchen saucepans, of waiting through long *entr'actes* at the theatre while the scene-shifters refuse to shift, of eating stale bread (which is really much better for us) when bakers won't bake; and quite a few people made special trips across frontiers with every kind of dutiable commodity, from 'baccy to jewels, when the customs officers sat down and sulked. These things make variety in the daily round . . . but this week a new striker was brought to my notice. When Josephine's alarm clock went off at 8 a.m. my watch registered 8.15 a.m.; the old grandfather who ticks in the hall chimed half-past and the travelling clock on my desk had ceased to tick entirely. (We are not travelling much just now and it is probably on its dignity.) This must be seen to, I thought severely, and going to the telephone I dialed ODEon 84. This is the municipal electric clock, its pronouncement, when consulted puts all other clocks right. But ODE 84 did not answer. I tried the number several times before ringing "réclamations"! "Complaints" answered politely and at once. "The clock does not reply, Madame? One regrets but today the *fonctionnaires* are on strike. The clock is a civil servant!"





F. J. Goodman

A young hostess at home in the rue Decamps

LA COMTESSE DE MUN is the wife of Comte Albert de Mun; she is seen photographed in their charming *appartement* in the rue Decamps. The comtesse is the daughter of General Georges-Picot; her husband is the son of Comte Antonin de Mun. The family owns the Chateau de Sassetot in Normandy

At the Theatre

SWITCHBOARD MELODY

Anthony Cookman



"BELLS ARE RINGING" (Coliseum Theatre). After the details of baseball, London audiences are now having explained to them in this latest American musical the intricacies of the transatlantic telephone answering system. Janet Blair, the operator, and George Gaynes, a client, are united by the line (above), but others whose lines have become crossed are seen below, viz. a bookie (Eddie Molloy, left), a suspicious police chief (Donald Stewart, right) and his assistant (C. Denier Warren, centre) with sentimental leanings. Drawings by Glan Williams



RISKS taken in the English market with the Broadway musical continue to rise. *Bells Are Ringing* has been brought over without Miss Judy Holliday, the delightful American redhead for whom the star part was tailored. It is housed at the Coliseum, although the story is obviously designed for intimate effects and the best of the lyrics are written in a vein of highly allusive wit. The belief has grown up that a multitudinous cast is capable of punching across almost any sort of story, success depending simply on the weight behind the punch, which is usually pretty hefty.

This belief has yet to be proved wrong. *The Pajama Game* took a chance on the pros and cons of a factory wages dispute turning on an increase of seven cents, and brashly and brassily got away with the Galsworthian theme. *Damn Yankees* took an even bigger chance by asking English audiences to imperil a lifetime's loyalty to cricket by consenting to regard baseball as something more than glorified "rounders."

And *Bells Are Ringing* will, I do not doubt for one moment, justify the risks that have been run, though those who are wondering how much higher risks can be taken with impunity will note a remarkable number of derivative touches in songs and dance numbers. They suggest that the confident manner conceals an inner misgiving, and that the vigorous tradition that began with *Oklahoma!* is beginning at last to run short of ideas.

TAKE the curious treatment of the story. It concerns the temptations attached to working a telephone answering service if the switchboard girl is such a naturally sympathetic creature that she cannot help taking a passionate interest in other people's lives. (The service is one by which calls are answered in the subscriber's absence, and messages left for him on his return are reported to him.)

The police have their eye on the bureau, suspecting it may be a cover for vice, and when the golden-hearted operator begins, out of office hours, to take an active hand in her clients' affairs, she soon has the comic sleuths on her trail. She keeps ahead for long enough to turn a songwriting dentist into a hit-parade author, to teach an actor not to act like Marlon Brando, and to induce a totally befuddled author who cannot bring himself to begin his new play to settle down, soberly inspired, and type his way to triumph. All this is put across with busy purposefulness in one of the longest acts I can remember. When the curtain rises again, the story has apparently gone underground. The rest of the show consists largely of little skits and revue sketches, with just enough room at the end for a most perfunctory winding-up of the plot.

SUCH a sudden want of confidence in the narrative is emphasized by the ordinariness of most of the diversions. None can stand comparison with an earlier scene in a New York subway train. Here the spontaneous friendliness of the heroine gradually communicates itself to her dead-and-alive fellow travellers and sets them swinging and swaying and dipping into a jolly uninhibited dance which threatens to spread right through the world.

When it has been said that Miss Janet Blair is not Miss Judy Holliday, it has also to be said that it is Miss Blair who gives the piece its most solid assurance of success. Her stage personality may not be that which the heroine is intended to have; yet she is gay, she is simple, she is sympathetic, and she sings and she dances with all her heart. She was given an enthusiastic reception which, I felt, was less a tribute to her playing of the part than to her never-say-die-go-on-till-I-drop spirit. She had carried another actress's show on her shoulders and we applauded her gameness. Possibly she used more technical cunning to create this sympathetic impression than appeared on the surface, but she fully deserved our applause either way.

As the hero with the perpetually dishevelled hair of the author, Mr. George Gaynes has a most agreeable line in bemused charm. A Balkan racketeer who runs a betting business under cultural cover of selling gramophone records keeps a neat little sub-plot unobtrusively in being. The racketeer is robustly sung by Mr. Eddie Molloy and neatly partnered by Miss Jean St. Clair as an eager little spinster ruefully aware that she is not for all markets. Some of the lyrics by Miss Betty Comden and Mr. Adolph Green are on a more distinguished level than the run of Mr. Jule Styne's music, and the dancing is hardly ever more than vigorous.

IAN CARMICHAEL RETURNS TO THE WEST END

AFTER a long absence from the West End stage, Ian Carmichael returned to it last week in "The Tunnel Of Love" at Her Majesty's Theatre, Haymarket. This play, adapted by Joseph Fields and Peter de Vries from Mr. de Vries's novel, has had a great success on Broadway. Robert Morley and Robin Fox secured the rights with Mr. Carmichael in mind. Co-starring with him is Barbara Murray, the film and television actress



Angus McBean



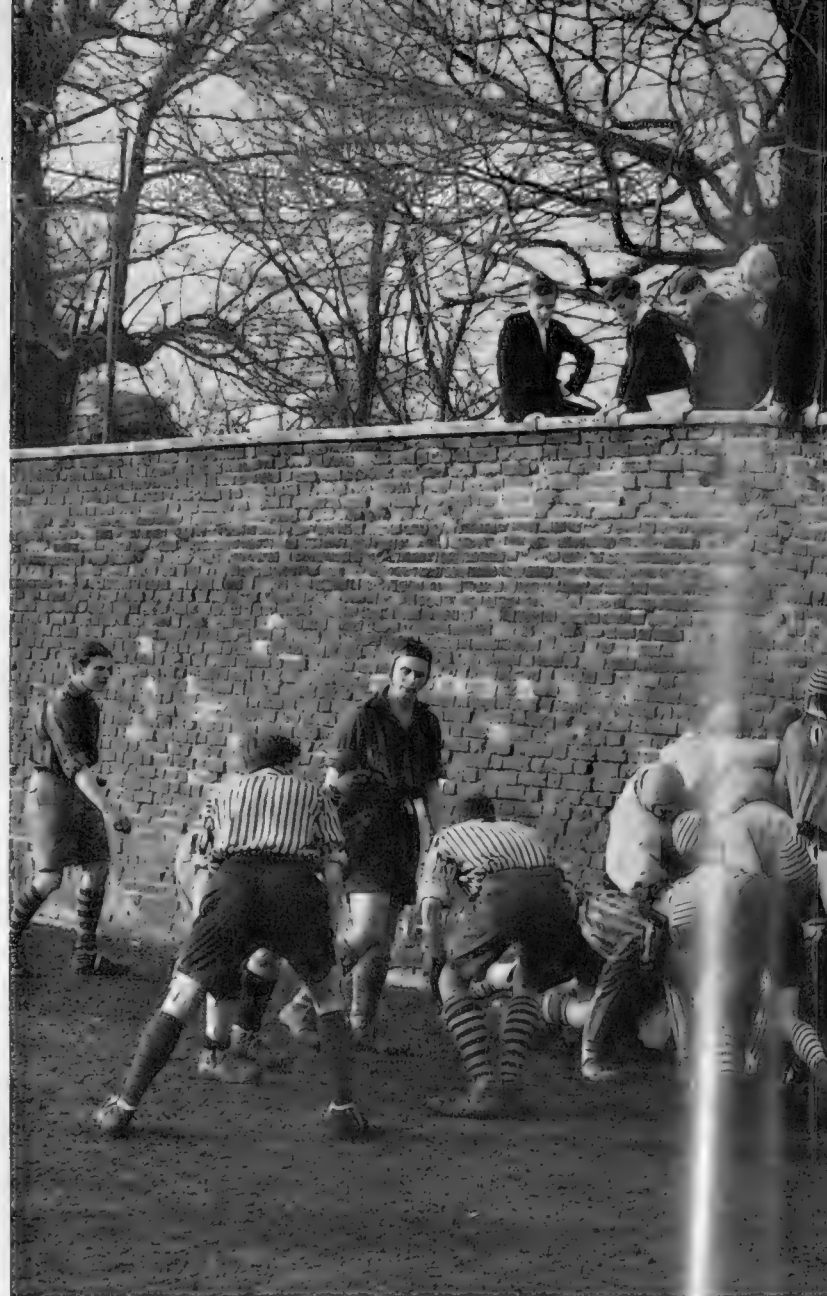
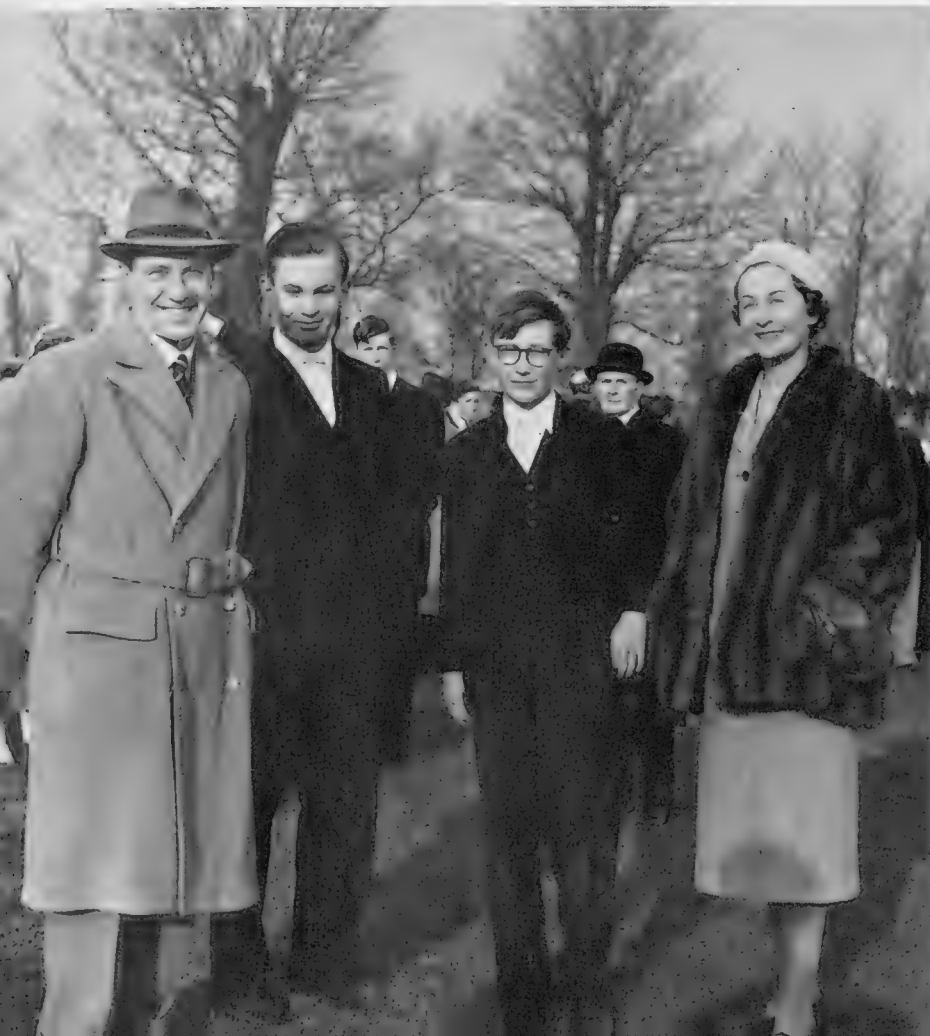
"BE MY GUEST" is a new comedy by Mary Jukes opening tonight at the Winter Garden Theatre. In the play an attractive widow, played by Jane Baxter, lets her flat to Bruce Wickson (Dennis Price, left). An eye is kept on the house by the sister-in-law (Margery Weston, centre) who has tea with Wickson's aide (Peter Sallis)



ST. ANDREW'S DAY AT ETON

THE WALL GAME was as usual the main event of the St. Andrew's day celebrations at Eton, and it was watched by the biggest crowd of spectators for many years. Above: Mr. Robin Brook walking with Dr. Robert Birley, headmaster of Eton, and Mrs. Brook

Sir Giles and Lady Loder with their sons Edmund and Robert Loder



The Eton Wall Game in progress on St. Andrew's day in a goal-less draw

C. Haworth-Booth, Master of the Eton Beagle, and Mrs. Nicholas Haworth-Booth





*The
TATLER
and
Bystander,
Dec. 11,
1957
649*



*T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester with their
sons Prince William and Prince Richard*



*Miss Victoria Porter and her brother
Andrew Porter*



*Mr. and Mrs. Eskdale Fishburn with
D. C. Fishburn*

*Mrs. Alan Milne, Garth Milne and Miss
Tessa Milne*

*Miss Cecilia Scott, David Scott, Ian Scott and Miss
Rosamund Scott*

Desmond O'Neill





COLETTE ON THE SCREEN

THIS enchanting *fin de siècle* scene is from the film of Colette's *Gigi* which has been made by M-G-M, and like the other pictures on these pages was taken by Cecil Beaton. It shows Leslie Caron as the young heroine, and Isabel Jeans, two members of the powerful cast assembled to do justice to a work by France's best-loved novelist



Eva Gabor, another of the stars of *Gigi*, with her partner in a gay skating sequence at the Palais de Glace in Paris

At the Pictures

JAZZED-UP DECALOGUE

IN 1923 Mr. Cecil B. DeMille, who had already spent a decade in the motion picture business, created a sensation with his super-spectacle, *The Ten Commandments*—in which Mr. Theodore Roberts played Moses, heading a cast of thousands. The public lapped it up—the parting of the Red Sea before one's very eyes was something to marvel at, and the scenes of orgiastic revelry around the golden calf brought a blush to many a maiden's cheek and millions to the box-office.

The critics were unanimous in describing the production as colossal, but some deplored its "commonplace moralism" and others its "frequent vulgarities." Mr. DeMille has now remade his epic and though it is this time tricked out with Technicolor, VistaVision and sound (it was originally, of course, a black-and-white "silent"), it still invites the same sort of criticism.

Colossal it undoubtedly is—sumptuously mounted and rich in superbly handled crowd scenes and impressive miracles. The rod of Moses becomes a serpent, the Nile a river of blood, the Red Sea duly divides to let the people of Israel pass to safety—and plunges together again to engulf the pursuing Egyptians. But the film never seems to me to reach any spiritual heights—and certainly cannot escape the accusation of incidental vulgarity.

THERE are giggling, lightly clad dancing girls at Pharaoh's court and tittering, man-mad teen-agers in Jethro's tents. The Voice of God booms hollowly from behind a thornbush clothed in garish, flickering Technicolor light—and inspires no awe. The plague which is to smite the firstborn of Egypt sneaks across the screen in the form of a greenish mist. And when Moses stands upon Mount Sinai, waiting to receive the Word of God, something resembling a jet-propelled acetylene torch comes whizzing out of the sky to engrave the Ten Commandments on



A beach scene, recalling the sedate recreations of other days, adds period atmosphere to the re-creation of Colette's story

the tablets of stone with a noise like a pneumatic drill. I do not doubt Mr. DeMille's sincerity and good intentions—but I feel his taste is sometimes a little questionable.

The early life of Moses is not touched upon in the Bible: Mr. DeMille, supported by "the ancient texts of Philo, Josephus, Eusebius and the Midrash," remedies this omission. We see Moses (admirably played by Mr. Charlton Heston) enjoying a position of power at the court of the Pharaoh Sethi (Sir Cedric Hardwicke), making a hit with a sexy Egyptian princess (Miss Anne Baxter) and incurring the jealous wrath of Sethi's son, Rameses (Mr. Yul Brynner).

He is both a warrior and an architect: as a general in Sethi's army he conquers Ethiopia—and on his return he builds Pharaoh a fabulous treasure city (which really does look fabulous). But all this goes for nothing when it is discovered that Moses is a Hebrew. He is put to work with the Hebrew slaves in the brick-yards but, as it is feared he might lead them in revolt, is later cast out into the wilderness—across which he makes his way, to settle at the foot of Mount Sinai and marry Jethro's daughter, Sephora (Miss Yvonne De Carlo—giving a surprisingly beautiful, calm performance).

From then on the film follows the Bible story with which we are all more or less familiar. It does so at a snail's pace—and after the first three hours or so, but before the Commandments had been delivered, my profane inner-woman was wearily muttering: "How long! Oh, Lord—how long!"

MR. BING CROSBY gives an excellent "straight" performance as an angry man in *Man On Fire*. Ignore the dreary little introductory dirge (crooned by Mr. Crosby off screen) which implies that the film is about love: it is about a divorced couple squabbling over possession of their eleven-year-old son (Master Malcolm Brodrick) who, for two years since the marriage broke up, has been living happily with his father (Mr. Crosby).

A woman judge (splendidly played by Miss Anne Seymour) awards the mother (Miss Mary Fickett) full custody of the boy—which makes Master Brodrick miserable and Mr. Crosby furious. Miss Inger Stevens, a charming newcomer, does her best to make Mr. Crosby see reason—less because she is his lawyer's assistant than because she is in love with him. Mr. Crosby does



Maurice Chevalier, perfectly at home among the parasols and pelisses, brings his familiar but always irresistible smile to *Gigi*

not return her love: in fact he positively hates her when she prevents him from becoming a kidnapper. This makes somewhat unconvincing the happy ending—which has every appearance of having been hastily contrived to satisfy the more sentimental customers. This one flaw apart, the film is extremely well written and though its arguments may, on closer examination, seem a trifle false, they are persuasively presented. Mr. Crosby speaks his astringent dialogue with bitter relish and proves himself a great old Groaner even without a musical accompaniment.

IF one can believe *Until They Sail*, the American troops temporarily stationed in New Zealand during the war had no trouble at all in demoralizing the young women of Christchurch and Wellington. Four well-brought-up sisters, played by the Misses Jean Simmons, Joan Fontaine, Piper Laurie and Sandra Dee, though at first stand-offish with "the Yanks," all eventually find them irresistible.

Miss Dee, a chubby teen-ager, indulges merely in coy flirtation—which is nauseating enough. Miss Laurie, whose husband is a prisoner of war, goes the whole hog, takes herself a string of American lovers and comes to a violent end. Miss Fontaine, despite a prim exterior, is not above having a passionate affair—and an illegitimate baby. And even Miss Simmons, the nicest possible war-widow, seeks solace for her sorrow in the arms of a captain of the Marines (Mr. Paul Newman). "Ah, well—*c'est la guerre*," says the film, in effect—without making it quite clear whether this exhibition of moral laxity is intended as an argument for or against war. I do not think this picture will be frightfully popular in New Zealand—if Messrs. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have the temerity to show it there.

A certain sophistication has overtaken Tarzan (Mr. Gordon Scott) and his chum, Cheta, in *Tarzan And The Lost Safari*. True, Tarzan still refers to aeroplanes as "sky-birds"—but now he knows his way about in one, and Cheta can swig gin and handle a cigarette lighter with the best of the tourists they rescue from hostile natives and black-hearted white hunter. Still, the children will enjoy the film, I've no doubt.

—Elspeth Grant



MARGOT FONTEYN, Britain's greatest ballerina, is the subject of James Monahan's full-length study, *Fonteyn* (A. & C. Black, 18s.). She is seen (above) dancing in "Sylvia"



OSCAR WILDE'S tragedy, *Salome* (Heinemann, 30s.), comes in a new translation by R. A. Walker, with all of Beardsley's famous drawings. Above: "John and Salome"

Book Reviews

OXFORD SEEN DARKLY

by Elizabeth Bowen

THE new Storm Jameson novel *A Cup Of Tea For Mr. Thorgill* (Macmillan, 15s.) deals with Communism in Oxford, depicting a trio of Red cats set among academic pigeons. One should not perhaps say trio: the third defaults, and it is his predicament that we study. His more slick-tongued comrades get off scot free—one, indeed, retaining a key position (which makes one's skin creep!) in a vital department of the University. Poor young Nevil Rigden, our don hero, is headed for trouble from the start: he is of proletarian origin, vulnerable to sneers from his ill-wishers, and accordingly for ever on the defensive. Handicapped by a bumptious, uneasy manner, he is inwardly ravaged by guilt and conflicts—he feels out of contact with his working-class family. Extra edge is given his guilt by a dying mother.

Little nonsense is stood by poor Nevil's wife. Evelyn Rigden, a young woman of pedigree, slips out of all or part of her clothing with a willingness, speed and frequency still not typical, surely, of the majority of North Oxford matrons. Her control of her husband is largely passionate; her more true mind-union is with her brother, one Thomas Paget—who, as a brilliant scientist, is shown as Oxford's white hope on the Modern Side.

MISS JAMESON'S view of Oxford is, I cannot but feel, lugubrious, not to say disapproving. She depicts, as the Senior Common room of her favoured college, a group of reactionaries steeped in port wine and cynicism. The Master of the college is a slothful, snobbish hedonist with a corrupt sister. Of undergraduates there appears to be a shortage: only two of the species feature in this story—one, a genius, is on the point of being sent down because he is a genius (on a trumped-up charge of drinking and womanizing); the other, Jewish, is, we are to infer, suffering persecution for that reason. Oh, dear, oh, dear. However, there are many events in the plot: a suicide, a rape (which does not take place in Oxford), an attempted murder. Mr. Thorgill, a symbolic Yorkshireman, turns up only twice in the book he names.

Oxford, having so far survived, is I think likely to survive *A Cup Of Tea For Mr. Thorgill*. But one thing does worry me: is not Miss Jameson doing a slight disservice to foreign readers? Everything this outstanding novelist writes is, very deservedly, much exported. And our ancient British institutions are always "news." Czechs, Germans, Swedes, Danes, Poles, Spaniards. Italians and other nationals will shortly be riveted to these pages. Moreover, *A Cup Of Tea For Mr. Thorgill* has been the choice of America's Book of the Month Club: hundreds of thousands of our American cousins will have been set agog by it—one can hardly blame them.

★ ★ ★

CONSTANTINE FITZGIBBON has done an excellent piece of work on his book *The Blitz* (Wingate, 25s.). This was a piece of history waiting to be written—that's to say written fully, dispassionately, at once intimately and on a large plan, with the perspective given it by a term of years. Seventeen years seem about the ideal number—Mr. FitzGibbon's timing has been inspired. He stands up well to the ordeal of presenting a picture of an ordeal both to those who had part in it and to those who had not. Those who were Londoners or in London between the September of 1940 and the May of 1941 cannot but bring to his story a watchful eye, alert for mis-statements, omissions or discrepancies. (I, as one of the watchful-eye group, have found none.) Equally, this Blitz book will have to satisfy (by being descriptive, detailed and explanatory) readers who found themselves elsewhere than in London. If it fails to do this, I shall be surprised.



THIS EXCITING picture, "The yawl Casquet reaching fast in the Solent," is an appropriate frontispiece to *Yachting World Annual 1958* which is published by Iliffe and Sons, 35s.



ARTHUR C. CLARKE, author of *The Reefs Of Taprobane* (Muller, 25s.), which describes underwater adventures around Ceylon, is seen in this photograph exploring a sunken dock

In fact, here's a masterful documentary, vivid as a film. Yet the action is not for the mind's eye only: background information is supplied—plus much one could not know at the time, such as the to-and-fro in German intention between "terror" and mainly strategic bombing. . . . I note one fellow-reviewer of *The Blitz* complains that Mr. FitzGibbon has played down physical horror: in my view, his restraints are the more telling. To squalor (the early-on chaos in many shelters) he does more than justice, while laying bare the indecisive policy which produced this.

It does good to be shown the Blitz as a whole—many of us, in the thick of a dirty night, could have few thoughts beyond our own London "village." Mr. FitzGibbon joins fragmentary views together. A great—and the most moving—part of *The Blitz* consists of record accounts, in their own language, by witnesses of whom many suffered deeply. The 1940 September 7 hammering (not confined to one day) of the dockside East End, illumined by hellish fires; the March 1941 Café de Paris "incident," and the April destruction of Chelsea Old Church are among the most memorable passages in this chronicle.

★ ★ ★

SEQUEL to the author's *Village School*, *Village Diary*, by "Miss Read" (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.) is no less pithy, comic, kind and shrewd than its predecessor. The scene, I am happy to tell you, is still Fairacre; village under the downs, within reach of London, and a day-return motor coach distance from the sea. Fairacre school (old-type Gothic church school, with round-about forty pupils, under the age of eleven) still centralizes our dear "Miss Read's" activities. *Village Diary* carries no propaganda: I can, however, think of no better plea for the survival of this form of education. Should "Miss Read's" homely class-rooms be swept away, country life would be shorn of a warm humanity, and the village, as a "unit," would be the poorer.

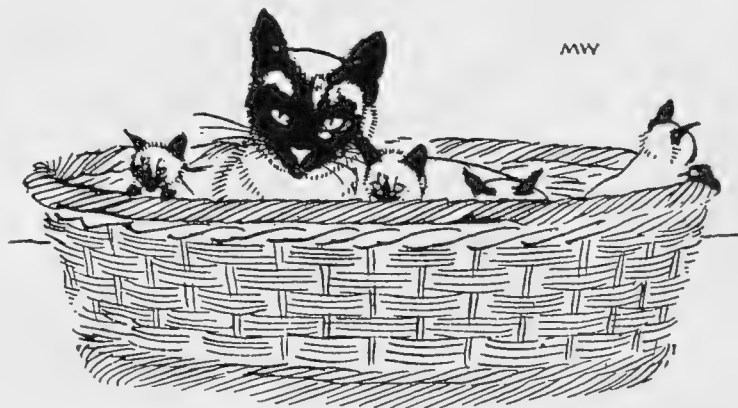
Our heroine's interests extend beyond her desk. She is house-proud, and a productive gardener. She plays a pacific part in parish affairs, and appears as Roman legionary, taut with stage-fright, in the local Women's Institute pageant. Her relentless friend, Amy, keeps her in touch with Culture; her progressive assistant, young Miss Jackson, is a demon for Educational Trends.

And not least, Romance threatens—or should one say, promises? How our heroine copes with this, you must read to see. One could, I think, ask for no better picture of southern rural England than "Miss Read" gives us: change she *does* show, but her calmness is reassuring. J. S. Goodall's woodcuts illustrate *Village Diary*.

★ ★ ★

PETER WILDEBLOOD's *The Main Chance* (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 13s. 6d.) is a mischievous, gay, contemporary first novel. Subject, the rise and fall, as a television star, of a ten-year-old East End boy, one Joe Parsley. Joe, a memory prodigy, captures the viewing thousands by his prowess in a TV quiz: for a space, the heights of celebrity are his—plus lovely ladies, gilded scenes and a book-reviewing job on a giant newspaper.

It takes more than this to turn Master Parsley's head. In fact, the laugh is against his busy promoters. A jungle world of tottering gents and ladies in all-but-all the big publicity rackets is satirically presented by Mr. Wildeblood. As for Joe, a spectacular fall from grace returns him to where he prefers to be—digging around on a dustheap with little Melody, his original girl friend, as black as night.



HAPPY FAMILY: an illustration by Maurice Wilson taken from the amusing book *Cats In The Belfry* (Elek, 15s.) by Doreen Tovey, a commentary on the feline way of life





Michel Molinare

ACT 1. SCENE 1. *Tales Of Hoffman*—Entr'acte. The behind-the-scenes visitor to Covent Garden is wearing (above) Victor Stiebel's cascade of swirling smoke rose shot paper taffeta, the waistline and bodice swathed with bands of contrasting taffeta, falling into a train. Opposite: Many yards of pure silk parchment taffeta flowing from a tightly swathed hipline bodice into a prodigious skirt. Ronald Paterson's dress with a touch of theatre for a dramatic occasion. The opaque-lustre pearl necklet and ear-rings are from Paris House

GALA NIGHT AT THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE



ABOVE: Arthur Banks sheath of dark lilac crepe with a swathed bodice, trimmed with roses, of contrasting pale lilac chiffon flowing into a train which can also be used as a stole. Approximately 33 gns. at Debenham & Freebody, London, Marshall & Snelgrove, Birmingham, and Marshall & Snelgrove, Southport

TOP LEFT: In the palest shade of pastel pink Roecliff and Chapman's dress of spotted glass nylon, mounted on taffeta and swathed with pink satin at the waist. Jewellery by Paris House. Approximately 21 gns. at Fifth Avenue, Regent Street, it is also made in white, blue and black

LEFT: In peacock Dugana satin, a sheath dress with a detachable overskirt to highlight it for an important evening. By Roecliff & Chapman, and made in many colours, it costs approximately 14 gns. at Diana Warren, New Bond Street. Scintillating rhinestone jewellery by Paris House

RIGHT: A great occasion dress—yards of spotted black nylon net highlighted with a crimson and cream satin cummerbund flowing into a sash. A Julian Rose model at Dickins & Jones, London; Marshall & Snelgrove, Birmingham; Hendersons, Ltd., Liverpool, and Greensmith Downes, Edinburgh. Approximately £43





Michel Molinare



CHRISTMAS being first and foremost the children's festival they deserve new party clothes for this all-important holiday. Left: In a dress of white spotted organdie—8½ gns. at Harrods—a little girl plays with her companion who is dressed in a kilt and sporran from the Scotch House. Below: The teenagers, one in a striped coral and white taffeta dress, the other in pink nylon organza, both from Harrods, 8 gns. and £9 15s. respectively, play with the boys, who have been dressed by Daniel Neal. The silver Terylene Christmas tree, 4 ft. high, costs 8 gns.

FOR CHRISTMAS





Michel Molinare

PARTY TIME

ABOVE: The little girl is wearing a white lace dress chosen from the wide range in Harrods children's department. The fairy doll, made on the Continent but dressed by Harrods, has eyes that open and close and costs £12 12s. Below: Here again is the pink nylon dress showing its white nylon "Puritan" collar. The Little Hut centre-piece of crackers has a light inside, and with the Christmas cake shown on the opposite page comes from the confectionery department. The cake costs 8 gns. and is made to order, the centrepiece with its light £4 4s.





SHORTIE BLACK CARDIGAN (above) with a deep neckline and three-quarter sleeves, costing 8½ gns., the black velvet skirt 6 gns. Right: A platinum long-sleeved sweater 6½ gns., its cardigan 9½ gns., worn with a camel wool skirt, price £4 7s. 6d. The hat is made by Kangol

NEW CASHMERES

CASHMERE knitwear with a new, last-minute look, brings the classic twin set into the forefront of fashion. The Munrospun models shown here are all obtainable at Marshall & Snelgrove. Opposite page: A platinum sweater (seen also below) worn with a generous matching stole, which is also made in cherry and black with sweaters to match. The tan and gold Lurex circular skirt costs 8 gns. All the jewellery comes from Marshall & Snelgrove



CHOICE FOR THE WEEK





Gilt work basket, gold and damask lined, price £6 6s.
 Work bag, £3 19s. 6d. Newspaper rack, 5 gns.
 Waste paper spill, £2 2s. Debenham and Freebody

As the Christmas spirit grows . . .

BY mid-December, the problem of "what to give" becomes acute. Here is a well pondered selection of not-so-obvious presents which should smooth many knitted brows

—JEAN CLELAND



A typical hamper from Jenner's of Edinburgh that would complete anybody's Christmas. These hampers are priced according to their contents



Polo de luxe Lightercase, in pigskin, for 12 cigarettes.
 Detachable and fully automatic, 4 gns. Polo
 Allumatic lighter, figured chrome, £1 19s. 6d.



This most attractive miniature jewel case for use when travelling can be had in either pink or green from Fenwicks of Bond Street, priced at 18s. 11d.



Decorative as well as useful is this ivory white magazine rack with glass holder and ashtray on top. Price £5 1s. Fortnum and Mason



Black and white, silver mounted jewellery. Ear-clips, £3 15s. a pair; pendant and silver chain, £1 19s. 6d.; round brooches, £3 6s. and £2 19s. Large oval brooch, £3 13s. 6d. Wedgwood, Wigmore St.



Ronson "Game" table lighter, £5 15s. 6d. comes from Harrods. The "Baby Buffalo," a two way case, holds two sizes of cigarette. £2 15s. from Simpson

Dennis Smith

Beauty

Restful interlude

Jean Cleland



IN the midst of the pre-Christmas rush, buying presents for friends, decorations for the table, testing lights for the tree, and wondering if there will be enough blankets and sheets, glass, silver and china for the extra members of the family who are coming to stay, the invitation from Mrs. Olive Cato of Yardley's to come and have "one un-crowded hour" was quite irresistible. So good did it sound, that I almost "folded up" in anticipation on my way to the salon.

Countless people must be feeling the same way at this time of year. Oh, for a pause; for a rest, however short, away from it all. It was to fill this need that Yardley's first planned the treatment which they call "one un-crowded hour." Restful and rejuvenating at all times, it is especially so just now when the main business of life seems to consist of crowding more into each day than it will hold, or, in other words, trying to put a quart into a pint pot.

Complete and absolute relaxation is the idea at the back of the Yardley treatment, and it works. You go in feeling like a violin that has been strung up too tightly for too long, and come out with the tautness gone, and all beautifully in tune again.

PEOPLE often ask me if I can recommend one treatment more than another, or whether they are really all the same. My reply is that although certain basic principles are the same, treatments vary according to the needs of the individual. The good salons each have their own characteristics, and certain things for which they specially cater.

Yardley's are no exception. One of their specialities is catering for people who come from abroad and who are, perhaps, going back to hot countries. Another is a useful service for those clients who live in the country, and who come to London for a day now and then.

As regards the "one un-crowded hour" treatment, emphasis is laid on inducing relaxation and, with this in view, great care is taken to see that, from the time the client arrives until the moment she departs, there shall never be the slightest sense of hurry. To ensure this, a certain amount of time is left between each

treatment so that, if one client takes a little longer than another, there is no overlapping, and no feeling of having to speed up.

The treatment starts as usual with deep cleansing, which differs from some in that the face is gently washed with Yardley skin soap, and then given a second cleansing with Yardley liquefying cleansing cream. Next step is the massage with Yardley's night cream during which the nerve centres are soothed, and the muscles braced and toned.

AFTER the massage comes the Yardley pack, which is in three strengths, one for the sensitive skin, one for the normal, and one for the greasy. While the pack is doing its work, the curtains are drawn, cool pads are placed over the eyes, and the client is left to rest for about ten minutes. The pack is then removed, and the skin enlivened and braced up with toning lotion.

Before the make-up is applied, the face is given a real spot of "uplift" with "Captive Beauty," which, moulded over the contours, heightens the good effect of the treatment, and maintains it for many hours. A feature of the make-up which follows is that it is very soft and natural, yet individual, and chosen to emphasize the best features.

At the end of the treatment, Yardley's give what is, in my opinion, an excellent service. Names of all preparations and cosmetics that have been used during the treatment are written down, so that each client has her individual list. With this she can go back to the country or abroad, or wherever Yardley products are sold (which is in most parts of the world), and buy exactly the same things that were advised in the London salon. If she is going to a hot country, other things are added to the list, to pilot her through the change of climate, and enable her to carry on the good work in whatever part of the globe she may happen to be.

The photograph of the treatment rooms on this page was taken exclusively for The TATLER, and gives an idea of the restful atmosphere in which clients can lie back and relax. Consultations take place in the outer room which is also shown here.



THE RELAXING, softly lit and comfortably arranged and furnished salon (left) which leads to the Yardley treatment rooms, and (right) a view of the rooms in Old Bond Street where the "one un-crowded hour" treatment is given



FRUIT VERT



UN GRAND PARFUM FRANÇAIS

DE RETOUR EN ANGLETERRE...

Parfums Florel are once again obtainable at all the best stores. Try the enchantment of Fruit Vert for yourself by sending a postcard today to : DAVIES & LONG, 48 DORSET STREET, W.1 for a free sample and the name of your nearest suppliers.



PARFUMS FLOREL PARIS FRANCE



RECENTLY MARRIED

Crewe—Spencer Churchill. Mr. James Colin Crewe, son of the late Major Hugh and Lady Annabel Crewe, of Hawkins House, Dolphin Square, S.W.1, was recently married to Miss Sarah Cornelia Spencer Churchill, daughter of Mr. John Spencer Churchill, and of La Comtesse de Chatellus, of Hyde Park Gate, S.W.7, at Grosvenor Chapel, South Audley Street



Lenore



Frazer—Pyke. Capt. Michael Quintin Frazer, 7th Queen's Own Hussars, son of Lady Frazer, of Aldbar Castle, Brechin, and of the late Lt.-Col. Sir Denholm Frazer, married Miss Daphne V. Pyke, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Pyke, of Chagford, Devon, at St. Michael's, Chagford



McWilliams—Oxland. Mr. Bruce Wayne McWilliams, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Lloyd McWilliams, of Vancouver, B.C., was married to Miss Heather Jean Oxland, elder daughter of Air Vice-Marshal and Mrs. R. D. Oxland, of Wingates, Maidenhead, at St. Michael's, Chester Square



Hovenden—Burton. Mr. Brian Robert Hovenden, son of the late Mr. C. Hovenden and Mrs. M. Hovenden, of West Byfleet, Surrey, was recently married to Miss Marybeth Burton, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Burton, of Vancouver, British Columbia, at Pyrford Church.



Harman—Skoyles. Dr. Roger Richard Martin Harman, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Harman, of St. Leonards, Sussex, was recently married to Miss Pamela Skoyles, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Skoyles, of Hampstead High Street, London, N.W., at St. Mary Abbots, Kensington



Sparrow—Armson. Mr. Richard Gray Sparrow, son of Major R. W. Sparrow, M.C., and Mrs. Sparrow, of Garthmaelan Hall, Dolgelly, married Miss Wendy Georgina Armson, daughter of Dr. F. G. A. Armson, of Yoxall, Staffs, and the late Mrs. Armson, at St. Peter's, Yoxall



Dobell—Johnson. Mr. Timothy Dobell, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Dobell, of Warren Hall, Broughton-by-Chester, was recently married to Miss Jennifer Johnson, who is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. James Johnson, of Oulton Cross, Stone, at St. James's, Audlem, Cheshire

Lenore

With

present day

nylons

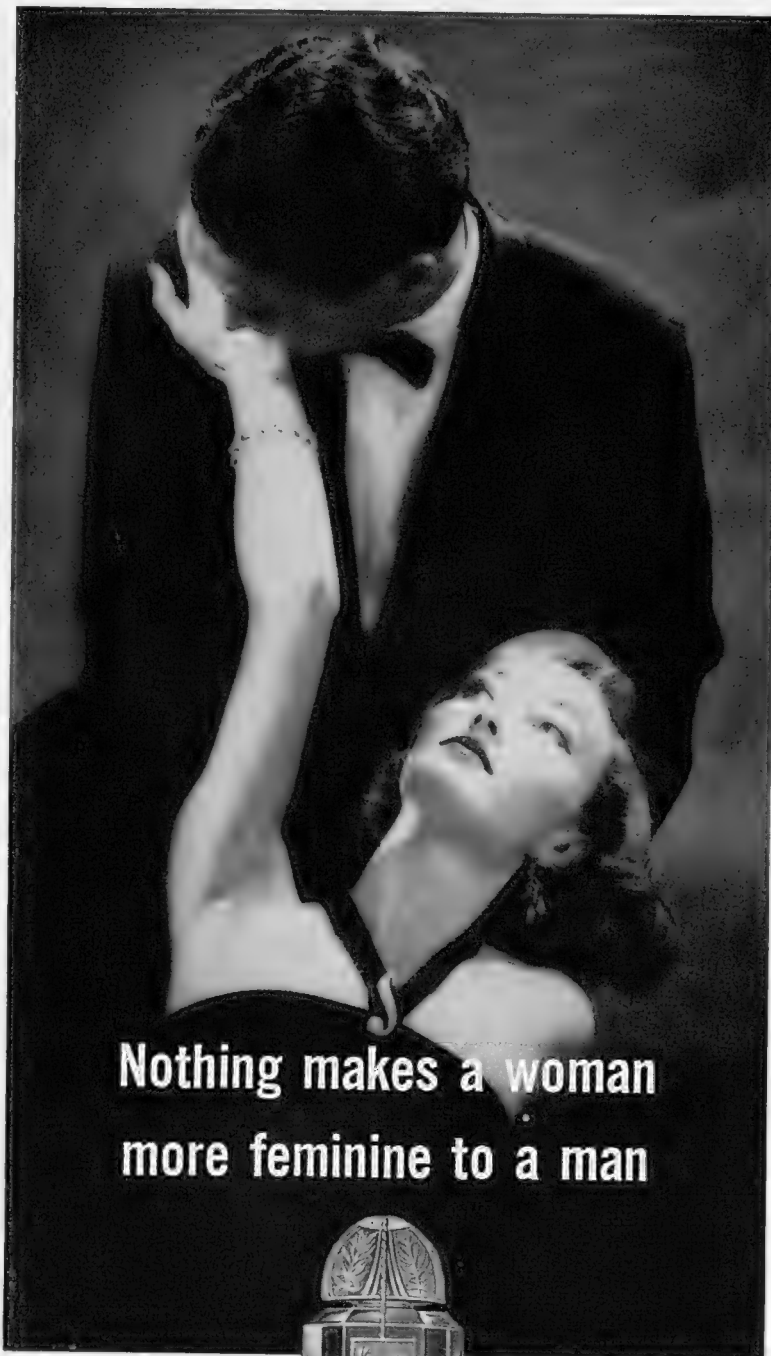
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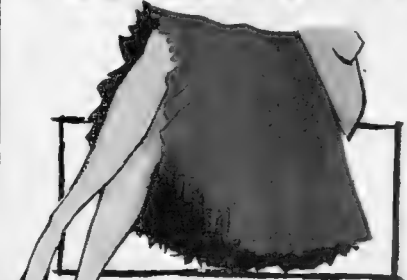
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Motoring

ADDING SOME CREATURE COMFORTS TO THE CAR

ALTHOUGH few motor car owners in these days want to tinker with their cars, it does not follow that accessories can be ignored. They can be fitted by garage or service station and they can contribute markedly to driving comfort. It is one of the facts of life, for instance, that the interior heating arrangements fitted as standard may be inadequate for those who like to stoke up the temperature in cold weather.

There is an enormous range of car heaters and demisters on the market. They extend from the elaborate and comprehensive air conditioning unit made by Smiths Motor Accessories to simple warmth circulators. In air conditioning it is not only the temperature that is controlled but also the humidity, and I suppose that in time all the higher priced cars will have it incorporated as standard. Meanwhile it is not difficult to fit as an accessory.

Ordinary heaters run from about £15 and are again so easy to fit that a local garage can cope with the job. (To that seemingly critical remark I would add that the men in many local garages far from the city centres are often far better mechanics than the others. They learn to rely more upon their own knowledge and understanding.)

Another accessory which attracts me although its value has diminished with the increased trustworthiness of tyres—especially of the tubeless and of the twin chamber variety—is a built-in hydraulic jack. This can be hand or electrically operated and will lift the front wheels, the rear wheels or all four.

Now permit me to indulge in some wishful thinking about accessories. Readers know that I would forbid any driver—especially a woman driver—to use a starting handle. But it still happens occasionally with the best of all machines that the engine must be turned by a means other than the starter motor. What a boon it would be if some ingenious accessory maker were to introduce a device (it could be a flywheel or inertia starter) which would turn the engine even when the battery was flat! More than once I have seen five or six thousand pounds worth of



THE RILEY two-point-six has been designed as a long distance fast touring luxury saloon. Powered by an o.h.v. six-cylinder engine with twin S.U. carburettors, it reaches over 100 m.p.h.



RUSSELL BROCKBANK has again collected many of his amusing cartoons, in which motoring figures largely, in *The Brockbank Omnibus* (Perpetua Books, 21s.), from which this drawing is taken

motor car immobilized in the garage because of the absence of any alternative means of turning the engine.

Then there is the problem of maintaining the tyre pressures at the right figures. Some cars are highly sensitive to tyre pressures; but going round with a gauge and a foot pump is a tedious, messy business.

Here accessory makers have from time to time offered ingenious solutions, but I know of nothing on the market today which will enable the driver to check all tyre pressures and set them up correctly without leaving the driving seat! That is the ideal.

BATTERY topping up has been the subject of a sensible piece of equipment, a fitting which automatically looks after the supply of distilled water as the level drops. But I have not often seen this fitting in use. There is still large scope for the accessory designer and maker. Of course it may be argued that motorists nowadays rely entirely upon the periodical servicing for all these things and content themselves with filling up with fuel and an occasional oil check; but this is hardly sound practice for those who live in the country. They should have the means of making the necessary checks and adjustments themselves.

Makers of automatic transmission systems always like to point out how the transmission can be used for rocking the car out of sand, mud or snow. On a slight throttle opening the hand selector is moved back and forth and the car makes small lurches forwards and backwards.

Probably it is true, however, as it has been in the past, that the first requirement in getting the car out of sand, mud or snow is to avoid revving the wheels and making deep ruts. In short, action taken at once, by rocking the car or any other method, is worth all the action in the world taken later when the wheels have dug themselves in.

I was well impressed by the Borg-Warner advice to their demonstrators—not only in this matter of rocking the car out of mud, but in many other things. To those who come new to an automatic transmission the demonstration of going into Drive from Neutral when coasting downhill is important, for there is still a good deal of misunderstanding about using the engine as a brake when there is automatic transmission.

Then there is the item which enables the parking pawl of the Borg-Warner transmission to be demonstrated. This pawl holds the car on a hill and, for the novice, is quite a valuable feature. I see, by the way, that this company claims that the use of their transmission reduces the motions of driving a car by 70 per cent.

Meanwhile we have numerous semi-automatic transmissions. So far I have not been greatly impressed by the ones I have tried. They tend to be disconcerting because of the way power fades and the clutch operation begins directly the gear lever is touched. But I have been accumulating experience of them and find that one does fall into their ways quickly. For medium and low priced and low powered cars it looks as if the semi-automatic transmission is, at the moment, the only answer.

—Oliver Stewart



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DINING OUT

The mad motley

WHAT a mass of invitations to parties of one sort and another turn up at this time of the year; in fact, what is known as the Festive Season is inclined to become the Exhaustive Season, but as they used to say "To horse," let us say "to car or taxi" and do our best to stand the pace.

Thus back to school for the opening of the Christmas Term of Pimm's Academy at The Red House in Bishopsgate, where once again several hundred eminent business men, portly and slim, young and fairly old, all wearing their little school caps, allowed themselves to be pushed around with the utmost good humour by Headmaster Jack Finney, in gown and mortar board.

It's an astonishing sight to see a large floor covered with these gentlemen sitting on their haunches, singing with great gusto a song to the tune of John Peel, the first verse of which goes:

Here's a cheer for the school, for the grand old school—
As a rule we were broke, and we broke each rule,
What we spent on Pimm's we could win back at pool
Which we played during chapel in the morning.

In actual fact, one didn't have to spend any money on Pimm's, one didn't even have to drink it; there was every liquid on earth available and the cold buffets were beyond belief, and all on The Red House.

Another gay party was held at that very up-to-date hotel, the Kensington Palace, which in some odd way reminds me of some hotels in America: slick reception and plenty of people to see to it, no bedrooms without bathrooms, and the food in the restaurant is first-class.

This was to launch a new building scheme which includes fifty new rooms. They are also extending their programme and accommodation for private functions.

IAN FIRMAN, who, at twenty-four is probably London's youngest restaurateur, has managed Overton's in St. James's for the past two and a half years. He is seen here with Miss Sally Tack, his engagement to whom he announced this year



Never in my life did I expect to see anyone open a magnum of champagne and tip it into a revolving mixer containing cement and sand, but this is exactly what Sir Arthur Morse, C.B.E., Chairman of the British Travel and Holidays Association, did to mix the first mortar to be used in the new building scheme.

When I let out an anguished groan I was informed that launching and champagne were inseparable, so I suppose you might as well pour the fizz into a concrete mixer as bash it against a ship. Anyway they gave me the empty bottle as a souvenir.

Friday, December 13, is the Twenty-first Anniversary of the Prunier Trophy, which Madame Prunier presents each year to the boat which makes the largest haul of herring during the season. This year, as usual, a luncheon is to be held at Prunier's in St. James's, and H.R.H. Prince Philip has accepted an invitation to be the guest of honour and to present the trophy to the winning crew. At lunch time on this day the restaurant will be closed to the general public.

—I. Bickerstaff

DINING IN

Versatile chestnuts

HOWEVER one wishes to prepare and serve chestnuts (apart from roasting them), they must first of all be skinned and that can be a tedious task. But a quick way is possible. With a small sharp knife cut a short gash in the flat side of each chestnut. Measure the nuts into a strong pan (an iron one, for preference) and sprinkle over them a teaspoon of olive oil per teacupful. Shake them over the heat for 5 minutes, then place them in a fairly hot oven for a further 5 minutes. Both skins, the outer and the inner, will then come off easily, again with the aid of the small knife.

That is the way I suggest for skinning the nuts for a stuffing for turkey. But, for Mont Blanc, a delicious chestnut pudding, the following way is probably better: Cut a gash on the flat side as before, then drop the chestnuts into boiling water and simmer them for 10 to 15 minutes. Take two at a time out of the hot water and peel them. If the nuts are allowed to become cold the skins will not come off so easily.



THEODORA FITZGIBBON and Michael Hemans join forces to present a valuable collection of menus of non-fattening, energy-giving and palatable dishes in *The High Protein Diet And Cookery Book* (Andre Deutsch, 13s. 6d.), from whose colourful dust jacket came this illustration

For Mont Blanc, cover about a pound of skinned chestnuts with milk. Add a strip of vanilla pod and simmer until the nuts are soft. (Test them with a thin skewer.) Drain and dry out over a low heat. Meanwhile, dissolve 3 oz. sugar in 4 oz. water and, without stirring, boil until a little of the syrup thickens, when tested in cold water, but does not reach the soft ball stage.

Sieve the chestnuts. Add an ounce of butter to them, then gradually beat in the syrup. Place the mixture in a largish piping bag, fitted with a smallish plain pipe, and pipe the purée in a circle around the dish in which the sweet is to be served, building it up in attractive squiggly lines.

Just before the sweet is required, whip an egg white until it is stiff and dry. Whip also $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream, sweetened with 1 to 2 tablespoons of vanilla sugar (or caster sugar and a few drops of vanilla essence). Fold the two together, pile them in the centre of the Mont Blanc and serve.

Brussels sprouts and chestnuts make an uncommonly good combination. For 1 lb. cooked tiny sprouts, turned in butter, allow about $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. skinned chestnuts, boiled in water or stock for 15 to 20 minutes. Drain them well, toss them in butter, too, and combine with the sprouts. Season the mixture, of course, with salt and freshly milled pepper.

Here is an advance recipe for chestnut stuffing for turkey. Although the stuffing can be made a day before it is required and kept in a cold place overnight, it should be used only on the day the turkey is to be stuffed and cooked.

Boil 1 lb. skinned chestnuts in giblet stock until soft. Cook a finely chopped smallish Spanish onion in 2 oz. butter until it is translucent and done. Pass the chestnuts through a potato ricer or sieve and add the onion and butter to them. Add also an egg and 3 to 4 tablespoons double cream and beat all well together. Season well, adding a tablespoon or so of chopped parsley, if liked (I finally work in 2 to 3 tablespoons of fresh breadcrumbs). Stuff the breast of the bird with the mixture. If sausage meat is liked, there is no reason why it should not be added to the stuffing. Half a pound of it, cooked with the onion, should be enough.

Compote of chestnuts is wonderful with cream or ice cream. For 2 lb. skinned chestnuts, cooked for 15 minutes in slightly salted water and then well drained, dissolve 1 lb. sugar in $\frac{1}{2}$ pint water over a low heat. Boil for 5 minutes, without stirring, then add the chestnuts and simmer them (again without stirring) until the syrup thickens slightly. Remove and add a little vanilla essence or 2 to 3 tablespoons of rum. When cold, serve with cream or top ice cream with the compote. Any remaining chestnuts can be turned into a jar, covered tightly and stored in the refrigerator for a future occasion.

—Helen Burke

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Miss Patricia Anne Martin-Turner, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Grahame Martin-Turner, of Ditchling, Sussex, is to marry Mr. Derek Graham Wright Cooper, elder son of Dr. and Mrs. Ollie Cooper, of Highgate Village

THEY ARE ENGAGED



Bassano
Miss Sara Stoneham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stoneham, of The Manor House, Rotherfield, Sussex, is engaged to Capt. Michael Koe, R.E., only son of Brig. A. R. W. S. Koe, M.B.E., of Portmarnock, Co. Dublin, and Mrs. Koe, of Fontmell Magna, Dorset



Pearl Freeman
Miss Sarah Elinor Rickards, youngest daughter of Major-General and Mrs. Rickards, of Avening Lodge, Avening, Glos, is to marry Lt. James Gordon Balfour Swinley, R.N., elder son of Captain C. S. B. Swinley, R.N., and Mrs. Swinley, of Hill House, Lypiatt, Glos



David Farrell
Miss Rosemary Begbie, only daughter of Cmdr. and Mrs. Hope Begbie, of Little Sodbury, Glos, is engaged to Mr. Alasdair Campbell of Lochnall, son of the late Capt. A. Campbell of Lochnall, and Mrs. Campbell, of Horton, Glos



Vort
Miss Virginia Ann Boles, daughter of Lt.-Col. Dennis Coleridge Boles and Mrs. Boles of Barrow Court, Galhampton, Yeovil, Somerset, has recently announced her engagement to Mr. Michael John Wood Davis, of Christchurch, New Zealand

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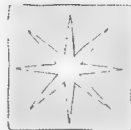
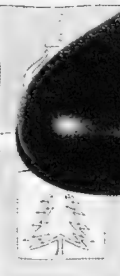
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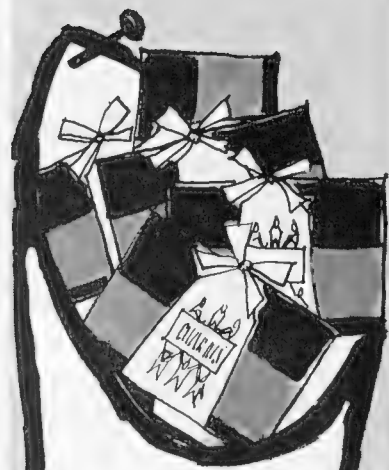
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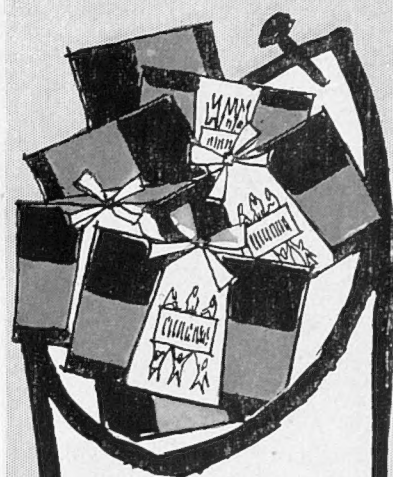
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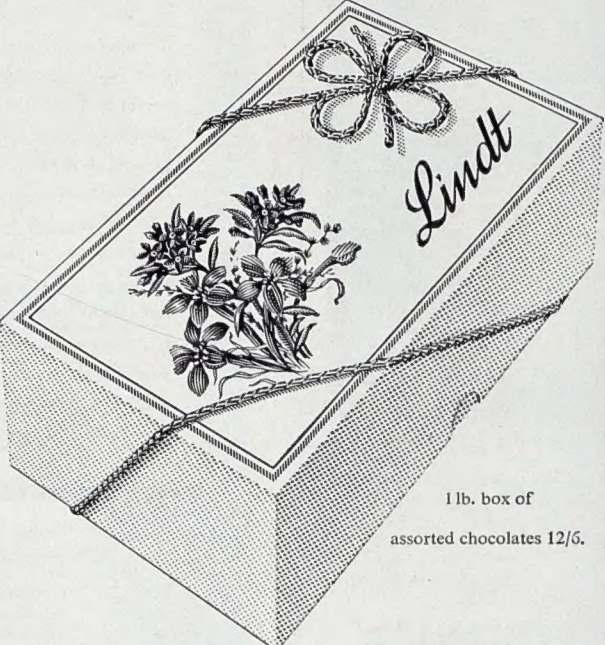


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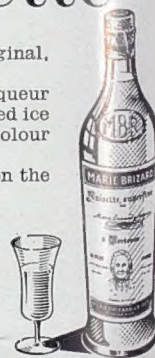
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